

# The TATLER

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London, December 3, 1930

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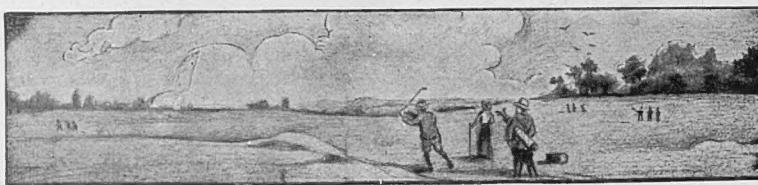
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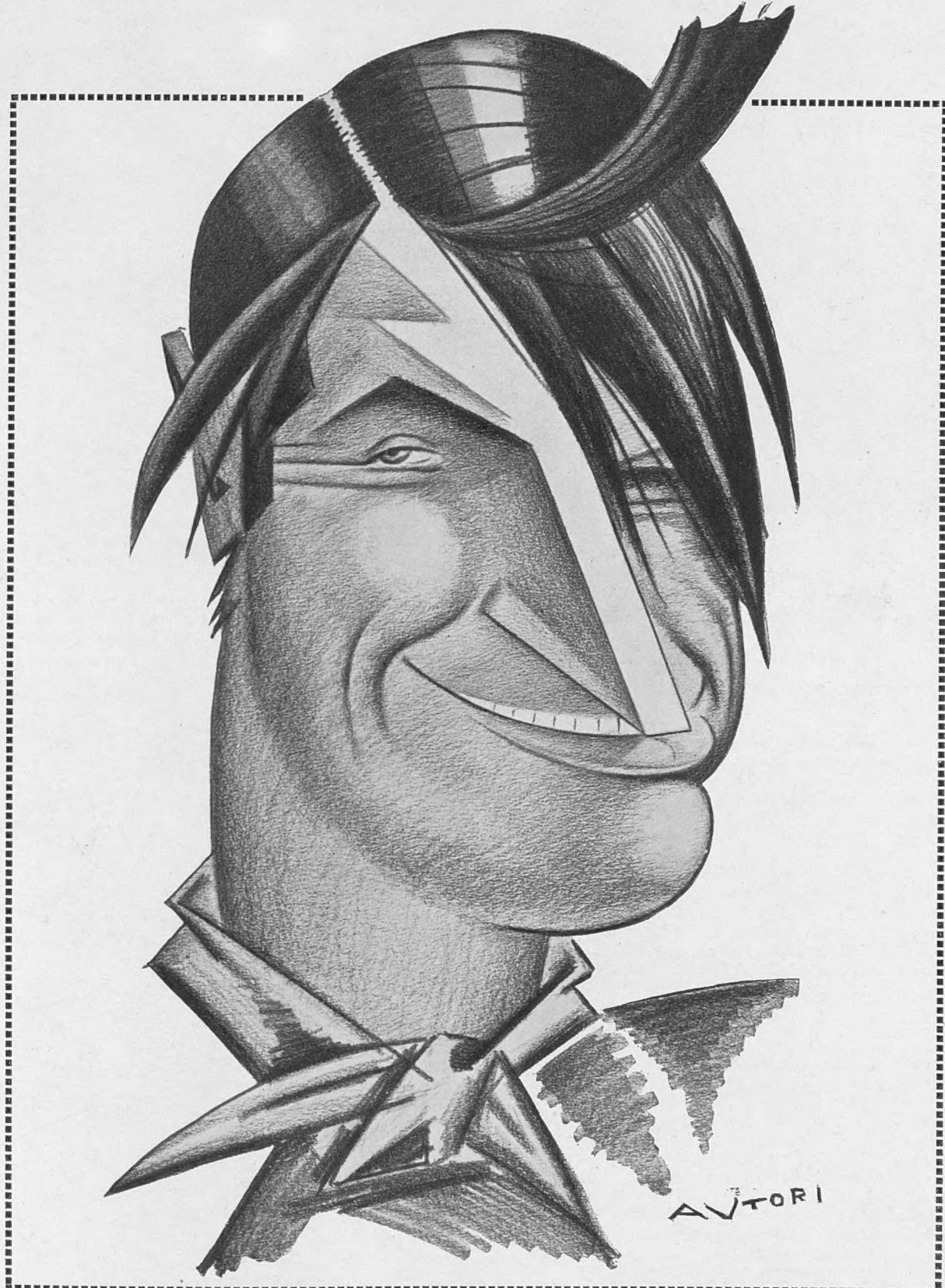
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# The TATLER

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## MAURICE CHEVALIER

By *Autori*

In the issue of "The Tatler" of November 19 an impression of this versatile genius, by Cabrol, a French artist, was published, and now that of "The Tatler's" own special caricaturist, Autori, who is an Italian, is presented. Autori, incidentally, is even more famous in the operatic world than he is in his own exclusive department of art. Maurice Chevalier opened his one-man show at the Dominion Theatre last Monday, singing all his revue and screen successes, and supported by Melville Gideon and his British Symphonic Band



*Hearnsides*  
LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX AND MISS EILEEN BROUGHAM

A coming-of-age picture taken at Brougham Hall, Westmorland, last week. Lord Brougham and Vaux was born in 1909 and his sister in 1912

**L**ISTEN, my dear, to a tale of woe, particularly observing the moral at the end. I saw Lady Oxford two nights ago. She was not looking well, I thought, and she told me she was still suffering from the ill-effects of her encounter with a ferocious stag in Richmond Park. You may not have heard the full details of this unfortunate happening. Having taken her little grand-daughter, Princess Priscilla Bibesco, with her, they were peacefully feeding a sad-eyed "monarch of the glen" (to use her own words) when, with the utmost duplicity of character, it attacked them, knocking Lady Oxford prostrate on the grass. The chauffeur was near by, and seeing the accident rushed to the rescue; he in his turn was felled to the ground by a heavy blow from an off-side antler but happily he quickly managed to regain his feet and succeeded in dragging his employer to safety. It is not frequent in the modern world to be the privileged performer of such an act of chivalry. One passer-by stopped to assure the victims that the stag was only showing off, and that if he had been really angry he would have killed them both! A quite inadequate consolation under the nerve-shattering circumstances.

This sad story makes one realize that stale cake must be confined to the dull ducks on the Serpentine; one can only hazard a bun for the larger beasts when they are behind the bars at the Zoo.



*G. W. Day*  
WITH THE NORTH NORTHUMBERLAND: MISS ANNETTE USHER, M.F.H., LADY JOAN JOICEY, AND CAPTAIN LORD LAMBTON

A group taken when these hounds met at Etal Manor, Colonel Joyce's seat. Miss Annette Usher is the daughter of a very famous former Master of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hounds, the late Mr. Fred Usher. Lord Lambton is Lord Durham's son



*Bertram Park*  
THE HON. MRS. GILMOUR

Who is on the committee of the ball in aid of Lady Maureen Stanley's appeal for £5,000 for the Conservative Women's Advisory Committee in the North Western area. The Hon. Mrs. Gilmour is one of the five beautiful Cadogan sisters

**N**ow that Sophie Tucker sings for our supper at the Kit-Cat the place is raided every night by would-be listeners. Last week, when Miss Tucker made a very welcome return to cabaret, many of the aforesaid were in quite good voice themselves. No sooner had she started on "Me and Myself"—just to see, as she explained, if anyone remembered it—than every occupant of the room gave tongue in unison; as good an example of community singing as one could wish to hear.

What a malheur de Sophie it would be if the shadow of this diverting American grew less. One cannot have too much of her. That other people were of the same opinion was obvious on the evening in question, demands for encores being insistent. But Miss Tucker firmly refused to give one over the eight. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, both most appreciative, were as usual the centre of a large party, the Duchess looking very nice in a pink frock with spangly décor. The Duke is now off to pursue the wily Norman boar, and later there is to be a big dance at Eaton.

Lady Maud Carnegie and Gertude Lawrence were together, and Sir Anthony Weldon, the Portarlingtons, and Sir John and Lady Milbanke

formed a strong Irish contingent. Lady Louis Mountbatten, who had brought a posse of guests, wore black, a habit of hers. So did Miss Rosie Dolly, who had left most of her jewels at home, and looked almost ingénue.

\* \* \*

The people responsible for the St. Andrew's Eve Ball, who incidentally forestalled the calendar by several days, produced one of the best charity functions that we have had for some time. It was at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Royal Free Hospital, and Lady Burney is to be congratulated on her bright idea of letting the wall space in the ball-rooms for advertisements, and thereby raking in an additional £600. Apart from the financial aspect, it was of decorative value, for the posters were designed by such artists as Simon Elwes, Olive Snell, Tom Webster, and Strube, who now enjoys the special patronage of Mr. Philip Snowden!

\* \* \*

It was a good scheme, too, to call it a dinner-dance cabaret, and arrange tables all round both ball-rooms to give it a night-club atmosphere. The Robins Trio did marvels on roller skates and a few square feet of floor, and Douglas Byng "obliged" with Giovanni the Pickpocket and one or two new songs, while miniature golf, in charge of Leslie Henson, made an alternative to dancing.

There were a lot of pretty girls there that night. Among them Miss Margaret Whigham, Miss Elizabeth Vesey, Miss Patricia Fletcher and Miss Diana Henderson, the tall, fair-haired daughter of Mrs. Arnold Henderson, who has just been doing a term at a domestic economy school though she came out a couple of seasons ago. Roberta Lady Ossulston, who has been one of the chief moving spirits of this annual ball since its inception, looked really lovely in soft white satin, quite unrelieved except for a gardenia in her hair which she is now allowing to grow again. Mrs. Cartwright, one of Curzon Street's most hospitable hostesses, was a striking figure in gold lamé.

\* \* \*

Charity affairs come so thick and fast that were I to give

the financial result. This criticism does not apply to the ball I have just mentioned, nor to the one staged at Covent Garden to help the small patients in Vincent Square. Here profits were large, and the returns so quick that over £700 was collected in five minutes. The method by which it was acquired was a large sheet spread on the floor, accompanied by a request to everyone present to "make a note of it." The majority did so,



AT THE ST. ANDREW'S EVE BALL:  
MR. CUTHBERT AND LADY EILEEN  
ORDE

The St. Andrew's Eve Ball was in aid of the Royal Free Hospital and was held at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, last week. Lady Eileen Orde is the only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Wellington and was married in 1916. Her husband is a kinsman of Lord Bolton and they are leaving for a tour in America very shortly

and the Infants' Hospital is now the richer by £4,500.

No one was more pleased than Lady Melchett, whose interest in this good cause is constant. She brought a big party to the dance, among her guests being Sir Francis Oppenheimer, noteworthy both as a collector of *objets d'art* and as an artist. That his entrancing pictures are painted purely for his own amusement and not for exhibition is a form of selfishness for which I hold no brief. Sir Francis' many enviable possessions are housed partly at his studio in Chelsea and partly at his cottage in Kent. This quite fascinating habitation is trimmed with blue shutters, and its wild garden is the home of many rare trees.

The West Norfolk seem to have been specially unlucky in the point, and the going was terribly heavy last week. However, they are extremely fortunate in having Colonel Oliver Birkbeck as Master; he succeeded his uncle, Colonel Charles Seymour, last season, and the huntsman Johnson is also a great success.

Colonel Seymour may have given up the hounds but he has by no means given up hunting and he goes as well as ever. It takes more than rain and mud to depress East Anglians and quite a big field came out at Gressenhall the other day. This meet is one of the best in the country and Mrs. Christopher Birkbeck was there as well as her husband and Mr. Humphrey Barclay, of whom it may be said that "half a sporting parson's work is done upon his gees."

\* \* \*

Then there was Mrs. Tom Cook, wife of the Master of the North Norfolk Harriers. He has stood without success for the constituency after which his pack is named, but when his perseverance is ultimately rewarded as it deserves, may his seat in Parliament be as secure as that on a horse.

Captain Frank Crossley and Captain Eric Wood were others taking air and exercise. Mrs. Alan Colman has only just started

(Continued on p. 422)



AT ALTA GRACIA, CORDOVA, ARGENTINA

A group of well-known people who were travelling in South America and whose original itinerary was interfered with by the revolution in the Argentine. Left to right: Mrs. Dick Hambray, Captain Pat Anderson, who is connected with the Shell Company, Mrs. Pat Anderson, who is a sister of Sir Robert Abdy and Don José Dodero



Lafayette

MADAME DEL RIO

The beautiful wife of Señor Don Carlos Nieto Del Rio, who is first secretary to the Chilean Embassy in London. Madame Del Rio is a great-granddaughter of the first Marquis del Apartado and a cousin of Madame de Landa, formerly the Countess of Drogheda.

each its demerited description no space would be left for other matters. Occasionally in undertakings of this calibre it strikes one that a whale is set to catch a sprat; in other words, the big outlay and preparations involved are hardly rewarded by



Ian Smith  
AT AN EDINBURGH DOG BAZAAR: LADY BRIDGET ELLIOT, LADY HADDINGTON, AND MISS MARJORIE SCOTT

Lady Haddington, who is a sister of Lady Minto, opened this dog bazaar in Edinburgh last week, at which these three little Aberdeens were amongst the exhibits. Lady Bridget Elliot is the elder of Lord and Lady Minto's two daughters, and Miss Marjorie Scott is a daughter of Lord George Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's brother

Mary and the Queen of Norway may repeat a previous visit.

\* \* \*

A final day's flat racing at Lingfield had a shroud of mist and searching rain to spoil it. At one period I had a sudden impression that the sun was coming out, but I was wrong; it was Mr. Tommy Graves' face beaming through the gloom. His smile, always expansive, reached its limit when the news of Glorious Devon's win came through from Manchester, his firm having bought a half share in the sweep ticket.

The racing itself was excellent, in spite of the weather and a certain shortage of the better-known jockeys. Among the brave spirits who enjoyed it were Mrs. Evans, whose looks and wonderful carriage still suggest the Camille Clifford of Gibson Girl days; Miss Zelie McAlpine, a debutante of last year and the owner of lovely black-fringed blue eyes; and Mrs. Looker, who was with her stepdaughter, Mrs. Estcourt, a bride of fairly recent date. The Lookers have a nice place close by at Turner's Hill which they bought when they moved from Essex to Surrey some two years ago. Mrs. Estcourt and her husband are settled in a small house in London until after Christmas, when they go to Exeter where he is stationed.

\* \* \*

My impression of the Chaliapine recital at the Albert Hall, honoured by the presence of the Queen of Spain and the Infanta Beatrice was that, though mannerisms are more marked, the master's voice has lost not one whit of its beauty and dramatic colour. His programme was naturally largely Russian, but a French interlude was provided by Flegier's "Le Cor" which he sang exquisitely.

Chaliapine has the lingual facility usual to his countrymen and speaks French with ease, but I believe Italian is the language he uses for business undertakings. He can talk quite adequate English, too, and has become exceedingly attached to this country since he made his debut over here in 1913. One reason for this friendly feeling is that he finds himself more *en rapport* with English audiences than with any others except those of his native land.

He is intensely patriotic and, while taking no active part in politics, considers it his duty as a loyal son of Russia to support whatever Government is in power. Though he is

## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

the friend of princes and other great ones, Chaliapine still remains a democrat with a simple-hearted affection for the poorer members of the community, and proud of the fact that as a boy he worked at a cobbler's bench.

\* \* \*

Weather or no, the park is filled with indefatigable mothers airing their offspring, their dogs, and themselves. The other day Lady Balniel was out with her two sons, her eldest one, Robin, dressed in true Scottish fashion with his Glengarry perched upon his fair head at the most alluring angle. Lady Hambleden and her blue-eyed son, Lady Hamilton with her daughter, Lady Doris Blacker complete with her entrancing twin boys and their small sister, and Lady Nunburnholme with her baby daughter and her son Ben all join the perambulating park parade. Lady Nunburnholme is busy arranging the new house she has bought in Bryanston Square. Here she will be immediately opposite Lady Balniel who, incidentally, has her rooms filled with lovely pictures from the collection of her father-in-law, Lord Crawford.

\* \* \*

Talking of exercise, one of its most active forms will be seen on the Grosvenor House rink next week when London Lions will attack Oxford and Cambridge Esquimaux with ice-hockey sticks. The date of this encounter is Thursday, December 11, and there is more to it than that, for dancing will be an additional amusement, and Lady Diana Cooper is to receive the guests at 10 p.m. The object of the gathering is to raise money for the Young Conservatives' Union, which does such good work socially and politically in London's poorer constituencies. Requests for tickets, which Lady Blanche Girouard is selling at Palace Chambers, Westminster (Vic. 9740), are coming in with a rush.—Ever, EVE.

In our Christmas Number, which is now on sale, there is an article on circuses, which is stated to be illustrated by Dame Laura Knight. As this might give an erroneous impression we wish to make it quite clear that they are reproductions—by permission—of this famous artist's pictures, and not illustrations of an article. "The Musical Clown" is reproduced by kind permission of the Preston Corporation.



Victor Hey  
AT SCARBOROUGH: LORD AND LADY DERWENT

Lord and Lady Derwent opened the chrysanthemum show at Scarborough last week, where this snapshot was taken. Lady Derwent is a Rumanian and is a daughter of General Iliescu, Chief of the General Staff, the Rumanian Army. The late Lord Derwent, who died in 1929, had no male issue and the present peer is the son of the late the Hon. Edward Vandenberg-De-Johnstone, the younger son of the first Lord Derwent. His seat is Hackness Hall

THREE CHARMING  
CELEBRITIES

MISS IRIS HOEY

Mannell

Miss Iris Hoey made a welcome return to the London stage in a play which suits her, yet is not so good a one as she deserves, "The Man Who Kissed His Wife," now on at the Prince of Wales Theatre, a slight story redeemed by excellent acting. Miss Mary Glynne, who is Mrs. Dennis Neilson-Terry, was only out of one "horror" play, "Traffic," at the Lyceum, to go into another, "The House of Danger," which seems to be very much to the taste of everyone who likes to be made go goosey all over. Miss Gwen Ffrangcon Davies has had a wonderful success as Elizabeth Barrett in Rudolf Bésier's Browning play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," at the Queen's



MISS MARY GLYNNE

Mannell



MISS GWEN FFRANGCON DAVIES

Dorothy Wilding

# The Cinema

THEY are at it again, and by "they" I mean those film magnates who persist in making film capital out of the war. One has to go a little carefully here, for the reason that the war must for another generation or two be the greatest and most abiding experience and memory which any who are of an age to write can have known. Many fine books and plays have been written about the war, and obviously one is not going to charge their authors with the sins of using the war as literary and dramatic capital. Because, of course, such works form no part of any sin either against truth or feeling, expediency, or tact. The reason for this is that every such work can have one message only: this awful thing must not happen again. It is true that there are sides to war in which horror is not present, and I remember a fine and moving passage in which my friend and colleague, Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, wrote of those training grounds which were so many fields of happy companionship not always to be destroyed. To many the days between leaving home and leaving England were halcyon days, and I myself remember chanting the praise of these in a book which would have been a war book but for the fact that its author was side-tracked into the hopelessly civilian business of buying and baling hay at which, with the assistance of an A.S.C. motor car and spurs, he toiled throughout four utterly un-warlike years. Of course war has its jokes. But were I an omnipotent censor I should insist upon the destruction of all war books, plays, and films which suggested that war is largely or indeed to any considerable measure a joke.

There is a fashion today for newspaper competitions in which you write on a postcard the funniest thing that happened to you during the war. If your postcard is funnier than any of the others you receive a prize. This seems to me to be wholly wrong, because it leads the young generation which knows nothing of war to believe that if war is as funny as all this it can't be so bad after all. Hence, when high finance wants another war it is likely to find the youth of the country more prepared to enter upon this Hell than they would be if they realized that it was Hell and little else. If I were the proprietor of a Labour paper I should run another kind of competition. I should ask for postcards containing an account of the most awful experience the writer had been through or the most dreadful thing he had seen. The results would be unprintable, or very nearly so, and in my view only those war books should be written which are almost unreadable, and only those war plays and war films permitted which are within an ace of being totally impermissible. But until this view is generally adopted "they" will continue to be at it! The latest example is a film called *Half Shot At Sunrise*, which of course is an echo of the familiar "Shot at dawn." Twelve years is a long time, and I suppose that "they" have forgotten that only a little more than twelve years ago casualty lists were still recording what had happened as the sun rose to the youthful flower of this and many other countries.

And now, I repeat, comes *Half Shot At Sunrise*, described as "a merry war-comedy." This is the shameless story: "Tommy and Gilbert, two doughboys in Paris, escape from the military police and proceed to have a hectic time. The Colonel's daughter falls in love with Tommy, and she gives them both an opportunity to get into the Colonel's good books by stealing a message which is to be delivered to the front line, and entrusting

## A Point About War Films

By JAMES AGATE

them with the task. They reach the front line all right, only to discover that by mistake they have carried a letter from one of the Colonel's girl friends. The Colonel is compromised and has to forgive them in order to save his own reputation." In this piece Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey "continue their jealous rivalry for the attention of the fair Dorothy Lee—a rivalry which commenced in *Rio Rita*, and has since been continued in *The Cuckoos and Dixiana*." I am further informed that "the entertainment is well varied, and includes pleasing song and dance numbers which are brought logically into the story." "Logically" is a gem. In a courteous communication the publicity-manager for this film trusts that I shall find it convenient to be present at the Press-show. I trust that I am committing no courtesy when I say with maximum firmness that I shall not find it convenient to witness anything of that which he promises me.

I will not help to endorse the view that the war was fought to provide well-varied entertainment in which pleasing song and dance numbers are logically included. In my view such films are likely to diminish the intensity of the national resolution

that this thing shall not happen again, and to incline the young people of the nation to believe that another jolly old war might not be such a bad thing after all. I am not particularly fond of Soviet Russia, but if any unwashed Russian will sign a pact never to attempt to cut my throat I will enter into a similar pact never to cut his, even at the cost of calling him brother. The same applies to any French apache, German hooligan, or Italian dago, and there have only to be enough similarly-minded people in all these countries to prevent the leaders of those countries from ever again making world-fools of themselves. In my view, films presenting war as a comic business are the greatest hindrance to such an understanding, and I for my part will do nothing to encourage them. I have no doubt that viewed from any other angle the film which has given rise to these remarks is wholly

LUPE VELEZ, "ERIC," AND "COCOA"

In this famous star's garden at her "seat" in the Beverly Hills, which overlook Hollywood. Lupe Velez is a Mexican, and before she went into motion pictures was a dancer

admirable. Wheeler and Woolsey are a pair of very funny comedians. Let them be funny about something else.

I was frankly disappointed with *Moby Dick*, the talkie version of *The Sea Beast*, at the Marble Arch Pavilion. There is still the same dreadful falsification of the story, with Captain Ahab figuring as a lively and debonair young man, who of course is our old friend John Barrymore minus a leg and plus a moustache. There is still the same preliminary three-quarters-of-an-hour of sheer inanity in which Miss Joan Bennett, complete with daisy-chain, gives an unrivalled exhibition of insipidity. There is still the same relegation of *Moby Dick* to the back-ground, whereas Herman Melville's story was, as everybody knows, much more whale than man. I did not expect these things to be altered. My disappointment came from the fact that the dialogue, instead of adding to this picture, has taken from it almost all of whatever mystery it possessed. Doubtless a great deal of the original quality came from the music provided, if I remember rightly, by a living orchestra. In the present version there is no music living or dead, and there were many shots when one almost ached, if one can ache in a picture palace, for the sea-music of Mendelssohn. The afternoon concluded with *Oh, Sailor, Behave!* in all respects the most witless film I have seen for twenty years.

*A list of films now running in London will be found on p. a*

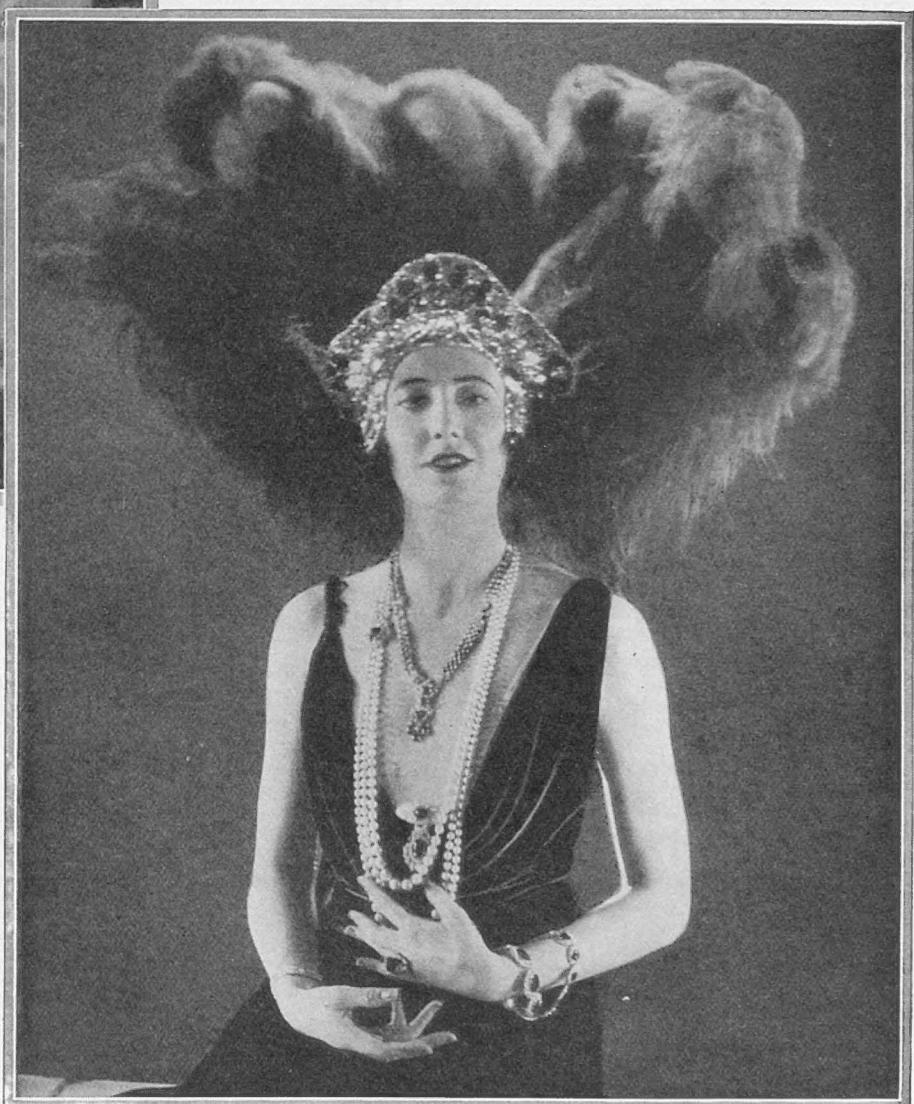
## LIVING JEWELS

At the Park Lane Ball



JET: MRS. C. A. CARTWRIGHT

The "Jewels of the Empire" Ball promised to be one of the most sparkling successes of the year, and everyone who attended it last week was of the unanimous opinion that it more than fulfilled expectations. Both the Enham Village Centre for disabled ex-soldiers and the charities of the goldsmith, silversmith, and jewellery trades should have benefited in a most satisfactory manner, judging by the enormous numbers of people who flocked to the Park Lane Hotel. Of the Pageant of Jewels which played a notable part in the evening's entertainment details have already appeared in a previous issue, but here are three more participants in it. Mrs. Cartwright, who is the wife of Commander Charles Aubrey Cartwright, R.N., and a giver of many nice parties, was the complete Egyptian Princess in her representation of jet, and Miss Hulton and her amethysts were good companions. It was impossible to miss Mrs. Arthur McGrath, always a striking figure whether in ordinary clothes or bedecked with jewels and ostrich feathers. This intrepid explorer and author has lately published a new book, "One Flesh"

MISS BETTY HULTON AS AMETHYSTS LenoreRUBIES: ROSITA FORBES (MRS. ARTHUR MCGRATH) Edmund Harrington

# FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

## From Leicestershire

From Twyford on Friday the Quorn started from that most heart-breaking of coverts, John O'Gaunt, with its tiny hand-gates and railways nearly all round. After killing one fox they ran well to Owston Wood in the Cottesmore country, the aforesaid gates and railways, coupled with mountain ranges and snipe bogs for the first mile, spread-eagling the field. Our condolences with Flash on his horrible fall into a deep lane which precluded his good chestnut horse from attending the repository on Saturday. The morning from Wymondham with the Cottesmore on the Saturday was scentless, probably owing to a falling glass, which produced a hurricane of rain and wind about mid-day. Nothing much was done till about 2.30 which just gave one gentleman time to motor home, get into a complete change of rat-catchers, and reappear for the afternoon hunt from Laxtons. Scent had altogether altered by this time, and hounds raced parallel to the railway, and ten yards from it the whole way to Ashwell, where what must have been a very tired fox was lost near the canal. Tim is for promotion in the next Honours List for breaking some awe-inspiring rails for us just after crossing a field of plough as big as Siberia and as good going as the Goodwins. One horse can be described truthfully as "stays for ever in plough," and as his soldier owner had to rejoin that night the horse will probably be found next harvest.

The chief reason why anyone went out with the Quorn on Monday at Walton-on-the-Wolds was that their horses had gone on and they had nothing to do at home. Raining in torrents, the sky cleared about 1 o'clock for a couple of hours but most people couldn't remove their mackintoshes owing to their odds and ends of clothing underneath. One old campaigner always puts newspapers in his breeches on a wet day and his light reading on a Sunday being "The News of the World," the evening of one wet Monday portrayed on one leg Sir Oswald addressing a meeting, while on the other was an advertisement for the cure of some distressing scorbutic affection. So bad was the day on Monday that he appeared to have taken the precaution of inserting a couple of bound volumes of THE TATLER. There is no finer fox-hunting country than that which hounds ran over from Walton Thorns to Ella's Gorse, and no amount of rain could have detracted from the fun of it. Very disappointing for Eileen, who has taken endless trouble over the Thorpe Spinneys to find only one fox. Probably having shot the pheasant there isn't much for the foxes to do there. Rain starting again at 3.30 few, if any, were not in mustard baths by 4 p.m. Support local industries.

## From the Belvoir

There didn't seem to be quite as many people as usual at Thorpe Arnold on the Wednesday, this generally being one of the most crowded Belvoir days. Charles, who made some sort of a mistake at a fence out shooting, was still unable to ride, and the onus of controlling the field fell on Gordon, though one paper insinuates help from his "moral support." "Help-meet" would be more correct as she is allowed no say thereafter. A fox from Burbidges ran straight into Cottesmore country, while we could do no more than walk after him to somewhere beyond Wymondham Rough. In the afternoon from Lord Dysart's Covert they ran well by Brentingby Spinneys, did a chukker round the golf course and down to the polo ground, whence they hunted back towards Brentingby and

marked to ground. George and his hounds were seen at their very best in the latter stages of this hunt, and the performance couldn't have been bettered. Flash unlucky to cut his horse but lucky not to have had a bad one over a new strand of wire. The sister-in-law from "the provinces" was enhancing the value at auction of the one she rode. Glad to see Marge, Jack, and Elizabeth back again.

Saturday at Elton was a moderate slow-hunting morning over that grand bit of country by Jericho, Granby Gap, and Plungar, while, as in every other country, hounds raced in the afternoon from Shipman's over the point-to-point course to ground. Horrible fall on the flat for the Hon. Sec., but luckily no real harm done. The country may be getting less blind, but it gets deeper each day with the continuous rain-storms, but it never holds a scent till really water-logged, so one can't complain.

## From the Beaufort

These white frosts and cold winds during the week-end made the scenting prospects very remote, and Monday at Bushton was one of the worst scenting days on record. Try how they would, the dog-hounds could make nothing of it. Tuesday's meet at the Hare and Hounds, Westonbirt, was an ideal day for the holiday accorded to the schoolgirls, and those who had to resort to "Shanks' pony" ran with great vim, and saw much of the sport. Webb made an excellent sergeant-major and guide, and judging by the yells and shrieks that were heard from Mr. Storey's Covert (Charlton Down) as the odd half-dozen foxes emerged from it, the Padre at Westonbirt must have the foundation of a very good choir!!

A slow hunt with a good straight-necked 'un ensued to Star Farm and eventually to ground in a rabbit hole. Let's hope Parson Jack enjoyed jumping every obstacle that day, and at night said, "Thank you" to that rail, for breaking! We were pleased to see Charles out on Friday, and am glad he has now settled in at Ladyswood, and will be hunting with us all the season. What a pity the Findleys are making such a flying visit, but one can't blame them with the attractive offer of a free hunting-box in the Pytchley country; we feel our loss but their gain! Saturday, with the meet at Grittenham Village, was a very disappointing day, blowing a terrible gale and lashings of rain, and no one was very sorry

when Master blew his horn at about 2.45 and stopped them and gave the orders for home. Feel sure most people agree with Mr. Jorrocks' words, "Take not out your 'ounds on a werry windy day."

## From Warwickshire

Frost. No hunting at Whimpstone Bridge. So we chattered at Warwick Races about the covert we would give the hunt provided we won the Hospital Sweep; also cheered Fred for backing the daily double. At it again Tuesday: a busy day round Gally Oak and Nardey Bushes, though scent poor. The lady on the skewbald pony brought back memories of Geoff's circus parties, and when next some of our many ex-Masters try the forward seat may we suggest "Use more resin."

The Pytchley Master with us at Gaydon (sorry he dirtied his coat). A fox away quick from the coppice down through Bawcutts, on through the Holt, over the main road and Tomlin's farm to beat hounds at Lighthorne. The Chesterton Wood fox eventually killed at Bromson Hill. Phil's cellar then put us

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## THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE



## AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET—BY FRED MAY

The Knights of the Round Table Club claims a birthday, 1720 A.D., so that it is very considerably younger than the original organization which did so much in the way of adding picturesque embellishment to the history of England. The club has endeavoured to preserve the original atmosphere, and after the loyal toasts at the banquets comes the one, "King Arthur," proposed upon this occasion by the Knight Vice-President, Mr. Albert Carter, "King Arthur's Champion." The Knight President of the club is Commander Sir A. Trevor Dawson, R.N. At this particular banquet the guest of the evening was H.E. Señor Don José Evaristo Uriburu, the Argentine Ambassador. The best speech of a brilliant evening was made by the Senior Knight, Vice-President H.H. the Maharajah of Alwar



E. O. Hoppé  
OFF TO AMERICA: MR. ALEC WAUGH

A picture which was caught just as he had got his coat on to go off to America to give a series of lectures. The brilliant son of a brilliant father, Mr. Arthur Waugh, Mr. Alec Waugh is one of the most prolific and successful members of the younger brigade in the world of letters

very lovely." Whereupon the danger is that she may instantly retire from every other human business. bromides who have been greatly admired in their youth. You can watch them admiring themselves greatly still, a profoundly moved audience of one in front of a looking-glass! Beauty is, of course, exquisite as a "procession." But who wants to live with a "procession"? The woman who "gets there," gets there and *stays* there, is almost invariably the woman who is so attractive that people forget that she is beautiful (or *isn't*, as the case may be). Which is why, perhaps, the modern world is far more full of women with at least a reputation for beauty than ever it was when certain women were so lovely that people stood on their chairs in Hyde Park to get a peep at them before they went home to roast-beef and cabbage. Beauty is a fashion, and it is always the attractive woman who makes that fashion, rarely only the beautiful. Where, for example, would be the exquisite inanities of yesterday to-day except in the outsize department? Those lovely beautiful musical-comedy "queens" of the rather long-ago, who it seemed would prefer to die rather than to show the least ruffling animation; where would they be to-day if they had to enter into competition with any Binnie Hale, or Evelyn Laye, or Cecily Courtneidge, Gertrude Lawrence, Beatrice Lillie, or even Nellie Wallace? The modern standard of attractiveness has become so high that mere beauty has ceased to be a "queen" to become a mannequin. Which, perhaps, is why in Mr. Cecil Beaton's "Book of Beauty" (Duckworth. 21s.) there are included quite a number of women whom our grandmothers would have been vexed if anyone had dared to suggest that, as their grandchildren, they took in the least bit after *them*! Of course, there are in the book quite a number of ladies who would have been admired in any age. Miss Lily Elsie, for instance, the Countess Howe, Miss Gladys Cooper, Miss Rosamund Pinchot, Lady Lavery, the Marquise de Casa Mâury, and the Lady Diana Cooper. These beautiful women would surely have been admired in the Stone Age. Their beauty is as comprehensible *à l'instant* as a gorgeous sunset. But would, for example, King Henry VIII have tried to "ogle" the Countess of Oxford, or Miss Edith Sitwell, or Miss Lilian Gish, or Miss Adèle Astaire? And would Miss Anita Loos, or even Mrs. Dudley Ward, be included in any Muhammadan's Dream of Paradise? And wouldn't Rubens, had he been asked to paint some of them, immediately have demanded the suppression of that gland, whichever it is that, when suppressed, makes every woman fatter and fatter and fatter? The answer is in the question mark! When most women can make themselves pass

# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

## Another Book of Beauty.

**B**EAUTY is undoubtedly a gift from the gods, but so many beautiful women live as if they imagined that the gods had nothing whatever to do with it, their loveliness being entirely their own affair—like Mr. Selfridge's marvellous emporium. So that quite often, beyond their beauty, they achieve little more than a case of frustrated development. There is one supreme moment in every pretty woman's life; it is when, gazing at herself seriously in the mirror, she says, "Yes, darling, you certainly are very,

as "beautiful" in the right clothes and the right make-up, they are only the women of chic, of intelligence, of charm, and of personality who can fight their way to the top. So that the modern crowd does not necessarily surge round a Venus as round a woman who makes life so amusing and interesting that even a slight squint can be forgiven her as part of her adorable self. The crowd in Hyde Park won't get up on their seats to look at her maybe, but her social appointment book will be overcrowded with engagements until she is so old that not even a paid companion dare tell her she might be her granddaughter's own sister. Which is as it should be! And so Cecil Beaton has included in his "Book of Beauty" a whole number of ladies who have become "beautiful" simply because they are so attractive, so stimulating, and so uniquely themselves. Which is much more exciting than mere beauty any day. His own photographs are perhaps the loveliest things in the book. And there again, too, they are so lovely because as a rule they are so totally unlike the easily accepted standard of a "lovely photograph." The accompanying letterpress is entertaining, too. Especially when he describes the beauties which were admired in his youth—Lily Elsie, Gaby Deslys; especially the latter, which is a brilliant little character-study in itself. When he analyzes and describes the social beauties of To-day he is more guarded and consequently a little duller to read. He likens many of them to flowers, and as no flower is anything but beautiful—the ladies who are described as magnolias can't consequently be offended when they are not included among the madonna lilies and wild, wild rose! With them he "reads" rather as if he had played for safety and for the awful thought that he might meet some of them at cocktail-time tomorrow. The book, therefore, is not only a beautiful picture-book but an amusing one, too. Anyway, it is something quite different from those books of feminine beauty which have already been published—pages and pages of lovely women whose faces have too often absolutely nothing to convey beyond facial perfection—more or less. That, and a king's regard.

\* \* \*

## A Man's Book.

**T**o leave the ultra-sophisticated atmosphere of Mr. Beaton's beautiful ladies, and to plunge into the wildly exciting and absorbingly interesting adventures of "Greenhorn's" book. "Tinker, Tailor . . ." (The Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.) is one of the joys which make the reading of many books invariably an entertaining pastime. We are covered in pearls and chinchilla in Mr. Beaton's book, we are among the "down and outs" in "Greenhorn's." Mentally, of course, "Greenhorn" is much more stimulating. We aren't on the sugar-coating

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MISS PATRICIA ROBERTSON

In the beautiful gown which she wore in the Jade Group at the recent Jewels of Empire Ball, of which some pictures appeared in the last issue of this paper. Miss Patricia Robertson is the daughter of Mrs. J. M. Robertson. All the velvet used for the gowns at the Jewels of Empire Ball was supplied by Debenham and Freebody, and this beautiful dress was made by them

## A HUNTRESS IN HER MIEN CONFESSED!

By George Belcher



"Yer got to be very careful when you're a widder, Mrs. Green, or they think you're after 'em!"

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

of life now; we have got down to the cake—to the bits of hard flint, in fact, that life bakes with the cake which most of us have got to eat and break our teeth on. The book itself is the author's own account of how he journeyed round the world for a wager, with no money to do it on except what he earned, and no one to help him along except the friends he made for himself *en route*. He was a discharged officer at the end of the War; very young, totally inexperienced, except in warfare, and apparently with a father rich enough to keep him in idleness until life dropped the optimist's "plum" into his lap. Consequently, he was idling and drinking himself to death from sheer boredom, until an old friend of his father's, realizing that in his present neurotic state, due to his War experiences, he would go to the dogs altogether, offered him a thousand pounds on his return if he would go away for five years and work his way round the world. This book—and an extraordinarily interesting book it is too!—is the account of his experiences. Experiences which turned him in turn into a lumber-jack, a farm labourer, a sailor before the mast, an overseer on a rubber plantation, a waiter, a dish-washer, a member of the Canadian Mounted Police. Hardships all the way. Actually starving at times. Nevertheless he stuck to his bargain. Everything was grist which came into his mill if it provided him with food. And eventually he returned—older, infinitely wiser, and with enough experiences of men and women in the rough and life in the rough, too, to fill the lives of half-a-dozen men. And, incidentally, to give us one of the most interesting, exciting, and unusual books of personal adventures which I have read for years. I didn't skip a single line. I was far too deeply absorbed.

\* \* \*

## Encore Sussex!

You really would have thought, wouldn't you, that the last word had been written about Sussex—written and repeated. I love Sussex. I live in Sussex. But I thought that yet another book written about Sussex would have made me want to scream. Arty and Crafty people leave London and settle in the county to defend it against all comers with the jealous pride of a hen delivered of her first egg! Yet I have just been reading a delightful book called "Some Sussex Byways" (The Medici Society. 15s.), written by the Viscountess Wolseley and illustrated by Garnet R. Wolseley, which proved to me that even now the charm and the beauties of Sussex are not exhausted, not, that is, if you go looking for them among the by-ways. For me the great charm of Sussex is that there are so many beautiful small houses hidden away down lanes: houses which are not immense enough to be considered "show places," but nevertheless, and exasperatingly, are just the kind of beautiful old houses in which one would love to live, only, alas, Arcady within a hundred miles of London, and with modern conveniences, is so expensive. Viscountess Wolseley has discovered for us in her new book a whole collection of these enchanting old houses, houses which are almost as full of history as the more ancient mansions. Most of them old farmhouses too historically unimportant to be included in the popular guide-book, yet nevertheless full of interest and beautiful beyond measure. Take the village of Northiam for example. Any Sunday during the year, or any fine day during the summer months, you will see thousands of people in motor-cars driving through that village at immense speed, perhaps throwing out a condescending remark such as, "This is a pretty village, wasn't it?" and then top gear for Rye, now ruined by the afore-mentioned Arty and Crafty, and thence to Camber "for a

sun-bath, dearie." Yet, in Northiam alone there are some exquisite places to visit. This one, for example, which Viscountess Wolseley tells us about: "Go beyond the Church, and unexpectedly through a gateway on the right you will see the mellow walls of a dream-house such as you might find in a fairy story, lying back at the end of a formal garden-forecourt, basking in the sunshine. Tell me if this William and Mary frontage with its dark-green outer shutters to the long, narrow windows is not one of the most delightful, restful places you have ever seen." It is. And "Some Sussex Byways" discovers for us scores of such lovely old houses, tucked away from the main roads. The book specializes, so to speak, in such discoveries. Which is why I have not read a book about Sussex which leaves so entrancingly the beaten track and takes you into a Sussex world which, even though you may imagine you know Sussex well, will, even for Sussex enthusiasts, likely be a world almost entirely new to you.

\* \* \*

## The Riviera.

Still, if you yet remain under the delusion that Sussex, as a subject for any new book, is as hackneyed as the alphabet, what would be your impression of the Riviera? Yet Ward, Lock, and Co., have just brought out a new guide, "The Riviera" (5s.), which for sheer utility alone is worth double the price asked for it. The coast covered is from Hyères to Viareggio. The illustrations and maps are first-rate. But beyond all these attractions I have not found a little book on the Riviera, French and Italian, which was packed with just the information you really do want to know and to know quickly. Everything which will be useful to you, both before you go and when you are actually there is included. Hotels, prices, excursions, sights, climate, amusements, all that information which a travelling Englishman needs. Nothing is omitted. And you can slip it into your pocket!

\* \* \*

## A Good Novel.

"Time To Stare" (Murray. 7s. 6d.) by Marjorie Booth is another very pleasant book. It is really the story of the clash of temperament between a husband and wife still too young to have achieved the philosophy of living and letting live. The young husband was one of those men who desire above all things to be in the whirlwind of events. The young wife, daughter of a painter, loves best her father's life of simplicity and quietude. Not, however, that her father's life is as simple as all that. In the depths of the country he has a second home where the lady is no mere vamp but just a simple, hard-working, homely girl who gives him the freedom and the kind of home-life he needs and has never found in his proper and above-board establishment. It is a very likeable story. The characters are easy to understand and to get to know. Their problems are common problems. It is one of those pleasant stories in which, from beginning to end, you feel happily at home. I can express its charm in no other way.

## UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)

BY RICHARD KING

Order Now

Hodder and Stoughton.



AUTORI

MR. MICHAEL ARLEN

By Autori

A life-like impression of the ultra-modern of modernists in the ranks of our playwrights and novelists. Mr. Michael Arlen, as most people know, was born in Bulgaria, but he has ever been more English than the English themselves and was educated at Malvern. The publication of Mr. Michael Arlen's new book, just finished, is eagerly awaited



MISS EDITH SITWELL AT RENISHAW HALL, DERBYSHIRE

Two of the photographic studies of well-known people which are on view at Mr. Cecil Beaton's exhibition at the Cooling Galleries, New Bond Street. Both were taken at Renishaw Hall, Derbyshire, the seat of Mr. Osbert Sitwell, the brother of Miss Edith Sitwell and Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell. Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell was Miss Georgia Doble before her marriage in 1925 and is a younger sister of Lady Lindsay-Hogg, formerly Miss Frances Doble, the well-known young actress. Miss Edith Sitwell in her open confession in the well-known book of reference in which people are wont to record their recreations has said: "In early youth took an intense dislike to simplicity, Morris dancing, a sense of humour and every kind of sport except reviewer baiting"—and she has never changed these ideas

*Photographs by Cecil Beaton*

A POETESS AND  
THE WIFE AND  
SON OF A POET



MRS. SACHEVERELL SITWELL AND HER SON RERESBY



AT THE PHILLIPS AND POWIS SCHOOL OF FLYING

A recent group taken at this famous centre of instruction, where Miss Gower, daughter of Sir Robert Gower, M.P., and numerous other people have been taught to fly. The names of the people in this group, left to right, are: Miss Trevor, who has just done her first solo flight; Mr. C. O. Powis, the managing-director; Captain R. A. Seaton, one of the instructors; Mr. Beardmore, the gliding expert; and Miss Gower.

## Paris.

**P**ARIS, where the twelfth Aero Show is now on, remains the city of light and delight. In its "gardens of the night," to misapply Robert Bridges, life pulsates. Paris is the ecumenical stimulant, the cosmopolitan cocktail; the combined corpse-reviver and clover club of the entire habitable globe. Berlin is the world's beer barrel, New York is its noise, and London its sleeping draught; but Paris, in spite of its detractors, is the one place where wine, women, and song have not yet been replaced by water, wives, and the wireless; where four and a half million people live. The name alone tells you all about it Paris! It is alight; a firework among names, a rocket-noun. But London—a dull thud on a big drum sodden with rain and soiled with smoke. It is not surprising that the entire aeronautical world goes to Paris for the Aero Show. They go of course to look at the exhibits, to discuss the technical advances that have been made, to compare the work of foreign and British constructors. And they will have plenty of opportunities to make comparisons.

Technically the most interesting feature of the Paris show to the private aeroplane owner is the new Boulton and Paul metal wing, an invention which should help to extend aircraft markets almost to the size of those for the medium-priced car. It is a device which obviates the use of rivets, and it should enable the cost of a given wing to be reduced by between 30 and 40 per cent. It is really a counterpart to the welded tube fuselage, and it may have as profound an influence upon future aircraft construction.

Another stand which will especially interest British visitors will be the Morane Saulnier. Morane Saulnier are the French licensees of the De Havilland Company, and a Puss Moth will be shown by them. The name Morane brings back memories of Brindejone de Moulinais and of Hamel, and of the early days in the Royal Flying Corps. There was something fine and well-bred about the Moranes (both Bullets and Parasols) which made them at once difficult and desirable. A man might be referred to as a "Morane pilot," the expression being a compendium of commendation. Captain Broad (a "Morane pilot" if ever there was one) will be on the Morane stand, so that it will certainly be a point of assembly for British visitors. Other British exhibitors

F. King & Co.  
MR. ALAN S. BUTLER

Who has been a private aeroplane owner since 1919, and is chairman of the De Havilland Company, whose machines are now on view in the stand of the Morane Saulnier Company at the Paris Aero Show

## AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

will be the Armstrong-Siddeley Company with a full range of engines from 85 to 800 h.p., and the Bristol Company with a complete Bristol Bull-dog.

## The H. P. 42.

The first of the eight Handley Page forty-seaters has already done many successful flights in the hands of Squadron-Leader England and Captain Cordes (and no more responsible work could ever fall to the lot of the test pilot), and has proved to be one of the greatest triumphs of the firm. There were critics who said that Imperial Airways had been rash in ordering eight of the largest passenger-carrying aeroplanes ever built in this country straight off without first trying an experimental one. But the result has justified the faith which Imperial Airways placed in British manufacturers. The forty-two looks strange, but she is obviously good both in the air and on the ground. Her take-off is quick and her landing is the slowest thing that has ever been seen for so large a machine. When the figures are published I believe that they will show a speed range wider than was thought possible with a craft weighing 28,500 lb., and having a top speed (with the medium super-charged engines) of 130 miles an hour. If she comes up to expectations in service on the air lines there will be no finer achievement than the forty-two in the whole range of civil aircraft building.

## Biography for Aviators.

Among the latest victims of the fashion for the bottled biographies so brilliantly exploited by Mr. Clerihew Bentley we have had Mr. Henry Ford, Mr. Edgar Wallace, Mr. J. H. Thomas, and others. But we have had no aeronautical biographies. My mind irresistibly turns towards aviation, and after reading some of the submissions for a competition in bottled biographies in "The West End Review," I found myself seeing what might be done with our aircraft constructors and pilots. But it is much more difficult than it seems to obtain the

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AT THE YORKSHIRE AVIATION BALL

A group of some of the fliers who were at this successful entertainment which was held at the Hotel Majestic, Harrogate. The names, left to right, are: Miss K. M. Scott, who has her pilot's certificate; Miss M. Ellison, also a pilot; Captain H. V. Worrall, ditto; Miss S. K. Taylor and Mrs. H. Shaw, who are under instruction; and Miss M. Woodhead, who is a pilot.

## OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF GREECE



H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET OF GREECE



H.R.H. PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GREECE



H.R.H. PRINCESS THEODORA OF GREECE



H.R.H. PRINCESS CECILY OF GREECE

The four daughters of T.R.H. Prince and Princess Andrew of Greece, and thus nieces of the late King Constantine I of Greece, who abdicated in favour of his son Alexander in 1917. King Alexander died in 1920, when King Constantine returned to the throne, only to abdicate again in favour of his son George. Constantine I died in 1923. King George was dethroned in 1924. The Princess Cecily of Greece is engaged to be married to the Hereditary Grand Duke George Donatus of Hessen bei Rhein. Prince Andrew of Greece married in 1903 Princess Alice, daughter of Prince Louis of Battenberg

## PRISCILLA IN PARIS



MLLE. DANIELLE PAROLA

The beautiful blonde film actress who went straight from a small part in one of Rip's revues to stardom in the talkies, and is making good all along the line. She adds real talent to a fascinating exterior

**T**RÈS CHER . . . The catastrophe of the Fourvière quarter at Lyons seems to have made an unusually profound impression on the multitudes. The inhabitants of Montmartre are nightly wondering whether they will wake (or not!) next morning to find themselves and their bits and pieces strewn about the Place de la Trinité and blocking up the narrow streets leading down to the Grands Boulevards. The well-known fact that the western part of "la Butte" is built above some disused quarries that have not been filled in, and that not long ago a house in the rue Caulaincourt gently swooned into the gutters like a tired jelly, seems to worry those happy individuals who like to eat-drink-and-be-merry without ever thinking of the possibility that to-morrow-we-die. Perhaps this is why, although the Faithful (and the tourists) still daily plod their compunctuous way up to the Sacré Cœur on worship (and sight-seeing) bent, the night life of Montmartre appears to have somewhat diminished, and one or two recently still quite flourishing *cabarets de nuit* have suddenly closed down. In this case it's a "Hill" wind that blows somebody good! . . . for the supper haunts more in the centre of Paris are crowded. The other night I went to the Lido in the Champs Élysées and found the place packed solid. Soon they will have to place little tables on rafts on the water of the swimming pool itself (do you remember that show at the Folies Bergère?), which will be nice and cool these muggy nights but, if they bob about much, just a little sick-making (to use, for positively the last time, a Waughism that needs decent interment by the English-speaking folk in this city at all events!) Meanwhile the *directeur*



MLLE. ALICE FIELD

Whose success in the French version of "Shanghai Gesture" was as great as in the present play, by Nozière, in which she appears actually at the Théâtre Michel. She recently made her debut in talkie land in the rôle of the erring wife in the French version of "Atlantis"

*artistique* of the Lido, who is M. Maurice Verne, the author of "Les Usines du Plaisir," that so amusingly and revealingly turns the spotlight on the hows and whens and whyfors of variety stage life in Paris, has started a new form of entertainment which consists of inducing various well-known writers to give us a little *causerie* about their books, interspersed with readings carefully articulated by pretty actresses from their latest Best-Seller. Last week Marie Dubas and Paul Reboux (whose charming mama was "Caroline" of hat fame and whose entertaining book, "Le Nouveau Savoir Faire," of which I wrote you a few weeks ago, is a *succès fou* in Paris) kindly obliged . . . and we were most grateful!

\*\* \* \* \*

Last night—or rather this morning—it was Louis-Léon Martin's "Demoiselles de l'Opéra," that had the honour of presentation to a crowded assembly. The book tells the story of the life of the little dancers who go through the hard course of ballet training that begins when they are seven or eight years old, and . . . never really finishes. A few pages, descriptive of the classes of the younger girls were read, and then we enjoyed the delightful spectacle of six little wenches, from nine to fourteen years of age, in their spotless practice dress of simple-low-necked bodice and frilly tarlatan *tutu*, taking their "positions" (the "fourth," if I remember anything of my dancing-class days), on the raised platform in the centre of the long room above the swimming pool, and going through their exercises under the guidance of the ballet master of the Paris Grand Opera House; dear old M. Nicola Guerra, whose aspect, belied by a most piercingly severe pair of eyes, is that of a benign Don Quichotte! In that somewhat sophisticated atmosphere, and after the violent acrobatics of Tymga and his partner, of the whirl-wind dancers Jack and Jill, and the amazing somersaults of John Clarke, you cannot imagine the freshness and the charm of that little interlude.

\*\* \* \* \*

Writing of Marie Dubas (see somewhere above!) reminds me (for no reason at all except that wherever one sees Marie one usually sees Pierre), that Pierre Benoist seems to be the hot favourite for election to the Académie Française in the "fauteuil" vacated by the late de Porto Riche, though M. Abel Bonnard and the Comte de Fels are also in the running. Of course you know the little game that consists at a dull dinner-party of seeing how many guests can cite more than a dozen or so of the forty actual "Immortals" (?)—or, to vary, the nine Muses, for having remembered Thalia, Melpomène, one usually gets stuck—and I therefore can never quite understand the desire that most eminent men of letters show of wanting to belong to that illustrious company. Howsumever, Pierre Benoist will probably don the green laurel-leaf embroidered "swallow-tails" sooner or later and have the right to wear a white-plumed tricorne hat and trip himself up with a mother-o'-pearl-handled dress sword, and all joy to him if he does . . . though goodness knows that it cannot increase his sales which have reached the sky limit long ere this. Each newly elected Académicien is obliged to pronounce a panegyric on the life work of his predecessor. Here again Pierre Benoist's luck holds good, for de Porto Riche's great renown as a dramatist is based on less than half-a-dozen plays. De Porto Riche himself succeeded a very dull historian whose ponderous volumes he always refused to read, and so, although he was elected to the Académie over a year before his death he never actually appeared there.—With love, Très Cher, P.

## THE GLASS OF (FILM) FASHION



MISS MARION DAVIES IN TWO ENTRANCING CREATIONS

One of the film's most beautiful blondes in two costumes which possibly may make some people's mouths water, and in which she is appearing in her next picture. The one on the left is an evening gown of white satin, especially designed for Marion Davies, and a novel feature is the cape which is worn at the front and falls over the shoulders to the back. An exquisite turquoise ornament on the cape is the only touch of colour. The costume on the right is a pyjama ensemble. Blue georgette crêpe is used for the extremely full trousers and body of the jacket, and the ensemble achieves intricate lines by the yoke of silver cloth which features the cowl neckline and the sleeves of silver cloth which show novel, long-pointed cuffs

AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE,  
NEW ZEALAND

H.E. LORD BLEDISLOE, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF NEW ZEALAND

H.E. LADY BLEDISLOE AND STAFF, HERR KUBELIK AND  
GENERAL SIR ANDREW RUSSELL.SIR OTTO NIEMEYER, THE  
FAMOUS FINANCIER

HERR AND FRAU BACKHAUS

THE RIGHT HON. SIR FRANCIS BELL, H.E. LADY BLEDISLOE,  
LORD STONEHAVEN, AND H.E. LORD BLEDISLOE

Some interesting groups taken at Government House, Wellington, New Zealand, when Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Bledisloe, had a house-party which, as will be observed, included some outstanding figures in the world of music—Kubelik and Backhaus. Lord Bledisloe, who was formerly Sir Charles Bathurst of Lydney Park, Gloucestershire, was raised to the peerage in 1918, and was recently appointed Governor-General of New Zealand in succession to General Sir Charles Fergusson, Bart. Lady Bledisloe is a daughter of the late Lord Glantawe, whose peerage is extinct. Lord Stonehaven is the ex-Governor-General of Australia, and Sir Francis Bell a member of the New Zealand Legislative Council

## A VARIETY OF OCCASIONS



PEGGY WOOD (MRS. JOHN WEAVER) AND HER HUSBAND

The above appealing snapshot comes from Madeira, where Miss Peggy Wood is recuperating after playing the lead in "Bitter Sweet" for well over a year. She and her husband are staying at Reid's Palace Hotel, and spending as much time as possible basking in the southern sun. Whether or no this most delightful actress intends to return to the English stage is not known, but it is safe to say that her welcome would always be a good one. Mr. John Weaver is an American novelist of repute, and his wife has also had literary successes. When the M.C.C. team arrived in South Africa they were at once made honorary members of the Royal Cape Golf Club. In the picture on the right the skipper, Mr. Chapman, is seen playing a round with Mr. M. J. Turnbull, the Glamorganshire bat. Diane and Arnaud de Borchgrave d'Altena, who found Mr. Peebles-Chaplin a most tractable mount at Raynham the other day, are grand-daughters of the late Major-General Sir Charles Townshend and of Lady Townshend, and who live at Vere Lodge, South Raynham. They are related to the young Marquess Townshend, at whose place this snapshot was taken.



THE SECOND GENERATION: SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF FAMOUS STAGE PERSONALITIES IN "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA," PRESENTED AT THE OLD VIC. BY HARCOURT WILLIAMS

Back row: Valentine Dyall, son of Franklyn Dyall, Joan Harben, daughter of Mary Jerrold and Hubert Harben, and Richard Riddle, son of Henry Ainley. In front: Antony Hawtrey, kinsman of the late Sir Charles Hawtrey, and Harold Chaplin, son of the late Harold Chaplin. Dressed in the Elizabethan manner, this very interesting production, in which young actors and actresses carry on the family tradition, had its première at the Old Vic. on Monday, December 1. "Antony and Cleopatra" is supposed to have been written in 1608, when Shakespeare was forty-four years of age.



AT THE ROYAL CAPE GOLF CLUB: MR. CHAPMAN  
WATCHING MR. M. G. TURNBULL DRIVING



TWO UP: MR. CHARLES PEEBLES-CHAPLIN WITH  
DIANE AND ARNAUD DE BORCHGRAVE D'ALTEA

## THE PASSING SHOWS

"Little Tommy Tucker,"  
at Daly's Theatre



TOMMY TUCKER (MISS IVY TRESMAND) AND HER PERSEVERING LOVER (MR. GENE GERRARD)

Bartholomew, a B.B.C. announcer, here disguised as a trap-drummer in a Biarritz hotel band, really belonged to Angela, little Tommy Tucker's sister, but like a sensible musical comedy-lover he had the nous to prefer the pretty little Cinderella, Thomasina, alias "Little Tommy Tucker."



SAFETY LAST

Miss Binnie Barnes as one of those lithe, lovable, and languorous ladies who ought to be preceded by a red flag

**A** MODEST quorum of four authors and lyric-writers, a lively score of average tunefulness by Mr. Vivian Ellis, Mr. William Mollison's production, some really bright and original chorus manœuvres from the inventive brain of Mr. Ralph Reader, a cast of considerable talent and a chorus of unbounded agility are reasons—almost a Daily dozen—why *Little Tommy Tucker* should sing for her supper throughout 1930 and keep on singing for it well into 1931.

This lively mixture of mistaken identities and lovers' misunderstandings succeeds because musical comedy is a law unto itself and law is largely a matter of precedent. Unless some ghastly separation threatened the course of true love round about half time there would be no reason for the story to continue. To avert such a catastrophe it is necessary for the heroine to trip on inconsiderately from the wings and catch the hero red-handed in the act of supporting in his arms the inviting form of the Other Woman. We, in front, know that it is all a mistake or a put-up job. The hussy has fainted on purpose, or is merely receiving a little platonic sympathy. "I will explain everything if you will only listen" cries the distracted young man, but is never allowed to. In two twos the engagement ring is whizzing past his ear and the aggrieved party, after an impassioned lapse into the theme song, is swooning at the feet of her father and his assembled guests.

**I**n *Little Tommy Tucker* (Tommy being short for Thomasina) one tiff is not sufficient for the proper lubrication of the working parts of a story, which, despite its complications, is a good deal better than most of its predecessors or contemporaries. The scenic gamut speaks for itself. Act I, Knaveston Towers; Act II, Scene 1, Outside the Splendide Hotel, Biarritz; Scene 2, a B.B.C. Studio; Scene 3, The Roof Garden of the Regency Night Club in London. A generous itinerary to be sure, but not too comprehensive for the orgy of cross-purposes and impersonation which starts the ball rolling. Here again the everyday word of explanation would have broken all the rules. Moreover, the everyday and Knaveston Towers have no kind of relationship. In this Tudor pile the almost bankrupt Sir Jeremy Tucker (Mr. Arthur Wellesley) supports, by kind permission of the local tradesmen, one butler (Mr. Leo Sheffield) on credit, one daughter, Angela (Miss Jane Welsh) in luxury, and another, Thomasina (Miss Ivy Tresmand) in comparative tatters. Noting, in passing, the immemorial touch of Cinderella and its value to musical romance, attention is next riveted by the species of guest who trips into the baronial hall in mackintoshes, removes them in unison at the reappearance of



RUSSIAN STEPPES

This Russian Princess (Miss Marjorie Chard) wouldn't sing for her supper, so Little Tommy Tucker took her name and place

sunshine, and breaks into a concerted fandango ten times more intricate than any hunt ball lancers. In the county of Tuckershire all the girls are pretty and all dress alike, while all the young men are bronzed and agile, and everyone goes to the same tailor. No wonder Sir Jeremy declines to sell the Towers to Mr. Blair from Yorkshire (Mr. Fred Groves), a hotel and cabaret magnate, who proposes to turn the place into a river club.

Poor Tommy Tucker can't join the rest of the county in a picnic because she is too busy singing at her work and dusting the wireless set, wherein lies her romance. Her heart is given to a certain B.B.C. announcer known as Bartholomew (Mr. Gene Gerrard). She has never seen him, of course, but the way he says "Good-night, everybody—good-night" is the essence of that music which is the food of love. When Angela announces her engagement to one Bill Coverdale, Cinderella fails to connect the choice with the voice. Angela might have thought fit to explain that her fiancé and Bartholomew were one and the same, but it is doubtful, the proposal being somewhat sudden, whether she knew. Accordingly, when the voice appears in person, accompanied by Angela's unsuccessful suitor, Freddie (Mr. Melville Cooper), Tommy plunges headlong into one of those love-(and duct)-at-first-sight affairs, which are simply asking for disillusionment. Meanwhile, Sir Jeremy has mistaken Freddie, who has £10,000 a year, and is obviously



The Hotel and Cabaret King from Yorkshire (Mr. Fred Groves) and the Impoverished Baronet (Mr. Arthur Wellesley) who refused to sell the family mansion as a river club

Mr. Gene Gerrard mixes the slings of back-chat with the arrows of love-making in a style which adapts itself with nimble facility to the extremes of light-weight comedy. To the conventional fooling which concerns itself with the seat of the trousers and the symptoms of sickness Mr. Gerrard adds a telling flick of burlesque, even a hint of sincerity, which encourages the belief that this is by far the best thing he has yet done. The amateur trap-drummer will commend his skill with that performer's complicated outfit. His moustache, attached not to the face but to a cigarette-holder, should find favour among the purveyors of Christmas frivolities. Miss Ivy Tresmand's light voice and disarming simplicity provide a becoming Cinderella touch; Miss Marjorie Chard distinguishes herself as an exotic cabaret star and a microphone singer with a rush of teeth to the face; that oncoming droll, Miss Rita Page, pursues Mr. Dudley Rolph, a reliable helpmate in the matter of song and dance, with a fine frenzy of melancholy and agility; Miss Jane Welsh has the right style and sparkle; Messrs. Alfred Wellesley and Fred Groves distinguish two familiar types with an individual touch of character, and Mr. Leo Sheffield, alas, vanishes all too soon never to return. Mr. Melville Cooper, the commissioned ranker of *Journey's End*, is welcome and amusing. Scenery and dresses are bright but not bizarre. The zest and precision of the chorus atone for any sense of overemployment as ensemble follows ensemble. A bright young show for bright young people.

"TRINCULO."

the right son-in-law, for Angela's intended, and Mr. Blair has applied brute force to Bartholomew's person, under the impression that he is the undesirable quarry of his daughter, Judy (Miss Rita Page).

Beyond this point the spoor of the story leads on through familiar country. Tommy, whom we have left at curtain-fall bidding a tearful farewell to her dreams, hastens to Biarritz in search of the hotel king and a job in his cabaret. Freddie, Bartholomew, and Angela follow by aeroplane, and are mistaken for Atlantic fliers. Tommy takes the place of the star-turn, a bogus Russian Princess (Miss Marjorie Chard), and Bartholomew is arrested by the police the moment he announces himself as her husband. Tommy, meanwhile, has not only led the entire chorus, male and female, through a mixture of physical jerks, Swedish drill, and arm swinging which affirms the discovery of perpetual motion, but has also discovered Bartholomew passionately embracing a Spanish vampire (Miss Binnie Barnes), the idea being that Freddie should produce Angela at the critical moment. After that the Voice returns to his microphone and conducts a variety programme, intermingled with a news bulletin and weather report, in a manner which would bring Sir John Reith hot-foot to Savoy Hill armed with summary powers of execution. Finally, the chorus group themselves in a semi-circle against an azure blue sky-line, and stand by in respectful admiration while some sixteen young ladies do a charming ballet dance. In due course all the principals arrive in immaculate evening dress, sort themselves out into couples, and down comes the curtain on what must fairly be described as a very satisfactory evening of fun and frolic.



DALY'S IS SO BRACING!

Freddie (Mr. Melville Cooper) and Angela (Miss Jane Welsh) take part in the quick-step there-and-back procession which is the high-spot of Mr. Ralph Reader's many ingenious chorus movements



PERSUER AND PURSUED

The Hotel King's comic daughter (Miss Rita Page) puts her unwilling swain through some lively paces to the refrain of "Practice on Me"



AT HATFIELD: THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY



AT CRAWFORD PRIORY: LORD AND LADY COCHRANE OF CULTS' GOLDEN WEDDING



MRS. OSCAR LEWISOHN (EDNA MAY) AND MR. ROY SAMBOURNE AT MONGEWELL PARK

Lord and Lady Cochrane of Culz, who are seen in the top picture at beautiful Crawford Priory, Springfield, Fifeshire, were married in 1880. Lord Cochrane of Culz is the second son of the late the 11th Earl of Dundonald, and was created Lord Cochrane of Culz in 1919. Lady Cochrane of Culz was before her marriage Lady Gertrude Boyle, and is a daughter of the 6th Earl of Glasgow. Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn, who will ever be Edna May to her public, and Mr. Roy Sambourne, a son of the famous Lindley Sambourne, the artist, were having an out-of-season game of croquet at Mr. Howard Gould's beautiful home, Mongewell Park, near Wallingford. The picture of Lord Salisbury at historic Hatfield was only taken a few days ago

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Gordon Conway

An afternoon ensemble in black velvet trimmed with fox fur. The blouse has a white velvet yoke which is high around the neck and continues across the shoulders in a point to the elbow-length sleeves, which are circular. The skirt has a tight hip-yoke and is slightly full on either side. The small beret is in velvet—the gloves, bag, and shoes in doeskin

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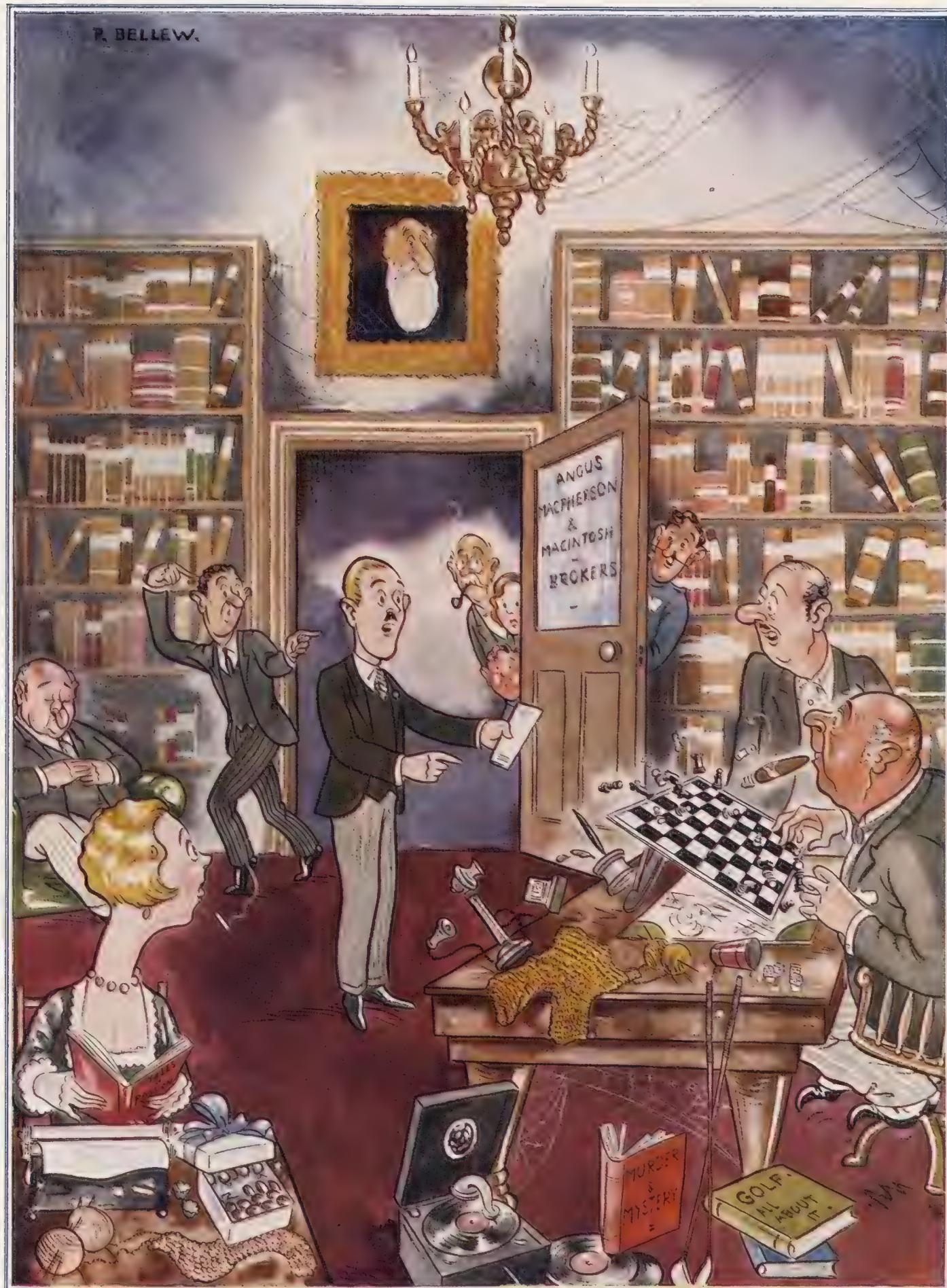


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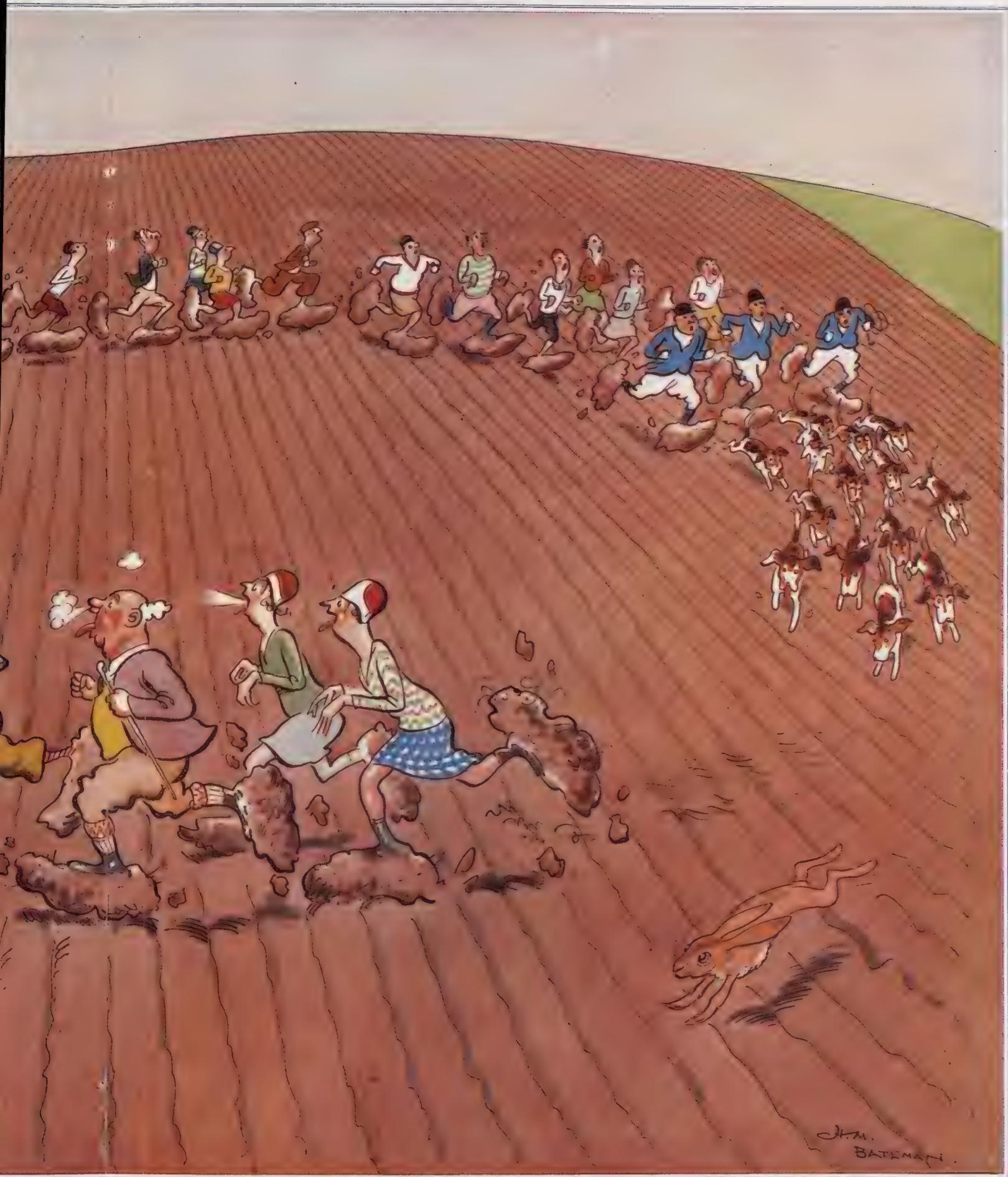
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7. I'D BETTER GO AND EAT WORMS



8. AH, WELL, NOBLESSE OBLIGE



9. AND PERHAPS IT'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT AFTER ALL

## LORD HEADFORT'S RECENT SHOOT



LOOKERS ON

Above are the feminine participants in Lord Headfort's first shoot of the season at his place in County Meath. From left to right : Mrs. de Lande Long, Lady Millicent Tiarks, her mother, Lady Headfort, Miss Tisdall, Lady Coke, and Lady Dorothie Moore, M.M. Mrs. de Lande Long is the wife of Colonel Albert de Lande Long, who was one of the guns. Lady Dorothie Moore's husband, Captain Moore, was also shooting



LORD WILLIAM TAYLOUR, LORD COKE, AND SOME WILD DUCK

Outward and visible proof of good shooting. Lord Coke is Lord Leicester's heir, and Lord William Taylour is Lord and Lady Headfort's younger son



CAPTAIN STAFFORD, COLONEL THE HON. GUY WILSON, AND LORD HEADFORT

Parties at Headfort are invariably good value, and Lord Headfort's shooting guests thoroughly enjoyed a "mixed" day. Captain Cecil Stafford is the only son of Sir Thomas Stafford of Rockingham, and Colonel Wilson is an uncle of Lord Nunburnholme, and a noted Yorkshire shot. Sir Hercules Langrishe, one of Ireland's most versatile sporting personalities, used to control the Kilkenny. His face is as familiar at Cowes as it is in the hunting fields of his native country. Captain Mulholland is Lord Dunleath's eldest son



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM HICKIE

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



SIR HERCULES LANGRISHE AND CAPTAIN THE HON. CHARLES MULHOLLAND (left)



AS OTHERS SEE HER

Yevonde

The Countess of Seafield giving close attention to a mask, the features of which bear more than a slight resemblance to her own. Russet hair and a charming disposition are two of Lady Seafield's possessions, and she has the widest possible circle of friends. Early this year she was married to Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, and their long honeymoon included a visit to Cap Ferrat, where they had a delightful small villa. For the winter this popular young couple have taken Commander Glen-Kidston's flat in Grosvenor Square. Mr. Studley-Herbert is a step-son of Major-General Geoffrey White



MR. DEREK STUDLEY-HERBERT AND HIS WIFE

Peter North



Dorothy Wilding  
SIR PATRICK HASTINGS AND HIS SON, NICHOLAS

A recent and excellent picture of the famous K.C. playwright and the elder of his two sons. Sir Patrick Hastings has just finished his third play, and it is to be produced shortly. No title is announced at the time of going to press. His two other plays were "The River" (1925) and "Scotch Mist" (1926)

**A**T a meeting of the leading tradesmen of a country town it was decided that the fire brigade staff and appliances available were not sufficient for a place of such importance. They decided to form a supplementary brigade composed of amateurs, and having enlisted several members, consulted the chief of the fire department on what was to be done.

"Well," said the chief, "let us suppose there were two fires in the neighbourhood and all our available men were called to one. Do you think you could manage to put out the other?"

"Well, we couldn't do that; but we could keep ours in till you came back."

\* \* \*

**A**mericans are not really like this, fortunately, but it improves the story to assume that they are. One of them was taken fox-hunting but did not like the look of the pack. "Say," he said to the Master, "you call these hounds? Why, 'way back in Wyoming my old father has raised bigger and better pups."

"So I perceive," said the Master.

\* \* \*

**T**he scholar was being ferried across a strong, flowing stream.

"Do you know algebra?" he asked the ferryman.

"No."

"Then you have lost a third of your life. Do you know philosophy?"

"No."

"Then you have lost two-thirds of your life."

(The ferryman attended to the words of the scholar and sent the boat into a rock.)

"Can you swim?" he asked the scholar.

"No."

"Then you have lost three-thirds of your life."

\* \* \*

"Ah, sir," whined the beggar, "it's sad to be old and bent." "I daresay," replied the callous young man, "but it's almost as bad to be young and broke."

## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

"Now look here, Mr. Smith, how many glasses of beer are you drinking a day?" asked the doctor.

"Eight."

"I thought so. Now didn't I tell you that you must never have more than four?"

"Yes; but I went to another doctor and he allowed me four as well."

\* \* \*

Two newly-rich men, brothers, had been asked to dine at the house of a famous financier. At first all went well, until the host, to make conversation, asked one of them, "Do you like Omar Khayyám?" The new-rich was not at all non-plussed by his ignorance of the Persian poet. "Pretty well," he replied, "but I prefer Chianti." While the brothers were on their way home, the other said, "Say, Bill, what makes you butt in on something you don't know nothing about? Omar Khayyám isn't a wine—it's a cheese!"

\* \* \*

As Jock and his girl were entering the cinema the girl said, "Here's my one-and-threepence, Jock."

Jock looked pleased. "Ah, I'm glad ye've given it me before we go in, Jenny. Ye know, if there's one thing I can't abide it's to see a lassie pay for hersel'."

\* \* \*

Oscar Wilde had the reputation for saying clever things, as the following example of true spontaneous wit proves: Sir Lewis Morris was complaining of what he regarded as the studied neglect of his claims when possible successors to the Laureateship was being discussed after Tennyson's death. Said the author of "The Epic of Hades," "It is a complete conspiracy of silence against me—a conspiracy of silence!"

What ought I to do, Oscar?"  
"Join it," replied Wilde.

\* \* \*

The prim old lady was dining one evening, and while the waiter was standing by the table she asked him to find out the title of the piece the orchestra was playing. Other duties claimed the waiter for a time, and when he returned the lady had completely forgotten her request. Imagine her confusion when he bent towards her and softly whispered, "What can I do to make you love me?"



Dorothy Wilding  
STILL SMILING!—MISS ENID STAMP-TAYLOR

Who after a far too long absence from the stage is about to come back in a leading part in the new production, "Wonder Bar," at the Savoy, in which the stage and auditorium together are supposed to represent a Continental night club. Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor plays a cabaret performer, her opposite number being Miss Elsie Randolph. Miss Dorothy Dickson and Mr. Carl Brisson play the two main characters.

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WITH "THE BLAZERS": MR. AND MRS. BOWES DALY

At Dunsandle, the seat of the last Lord Dunsandle, the title now being extinct, Mr. Bowes Daly is Joint Master of "The Blazers" with the Earl of Altamont. He is son of Major D. St. G. Daly, Joint Master of the Heythrop, who, we all regret to hear, has had a bad fall and broken some ribs. Mrs. Bowes Daly is a daughter of the late Major William and Lady Sybil Lascelles (daughter of the 10th Duke of St. Albans) and sister of the Countess of Dalkeith

FEW people in the world—and most certainly no one on the Bench—would have had the courage to say that which our only bachelor judge has said upon the subject of "the system of veritology," or otherwise the art of speaking the truth. The phrase is his lordship's. The two classes of persons which his lordship says are outstanding in either the lie with circumstance or the lie direct, are murderers and ladies. I hope most sincerely that his lordship is incurring no risk from the former, and I hope equally sincerely that he intends to remain a Benedick. If he doesn't I would venture to recall to his lordship's memory the numerous extremely painful episodes of the past where matrimony has resulted in homicide. It is to be hoped, therefore, that unless we can resign ourselves to the contemplated loss of one of the brightest ornaments of our judiciary, his lordship will not forsake his present state. My personal acquaintance with murderers is not as wide as his lordship's, but perhaps in the other section of society I might claim to vie with him—but I am not quite sure. The Bachelor, especially if he happens to be at all prepossessing, or even if he is not, but has what is called "a way with him," is rather like a fox on a good scenting day. He is never quite safe however great his knowledge of the art of venery. This is why I am consumed with uneasiness where his lordship is concerned. In this connection, if I may venture to submit, this or any other country is well down the course where perjury is concerned to almost anywhere east of Suez. In India, for instance, the pre-War rates for murder were: to corpse, 13s. 4d.; to witness who saw accused do him in, 16s. 8d.; to witness who heard the groans and saw the blood, round about, 6s. 8d.; and minor perverters of "veritology" in proportion. We cannot go anywhere near this in this country.

As was only to be anticipated the recent evidence of an eye-witness of what is still going on at Vaurigard, the French *abattoir*, where horses are slaughtered for "meat," has produced an avalanche of letters from various people,

## Pictures in the Fire

### By "SABRETACHE"

the R.S.P.C.A. included, asking me to say what I suggest we should do about it. The facts published in these notes were not pleasant reading, but I considered that it was the best possible thing in the circumstances that they should be published because they are true. Sensationalism is the worst possible advocate if you want to get things done; exaggeration a very definite enemy. Both these things have been eschewed. The hard facts are good enough, and hard they are as we all know. Here is the position: the R.S.P.C.A. with, I do not doubt, the best possible intentions, has provided this Vaurigard *abattoir* with humane-killers and enough ammunition to last for a year; the Society had every right to believe that this would stop that which it and other people knew was going on, and it had an assurance, so I gather, that the old and very cruel methods would be abandoned; it obtained leave for one of its representatives to have access to the *abattoir* to see how things worked; so far as I can see it did all that it could do. Its attention was then directed to the fact that the old method was carrying on, but the R.S.P.C.A. said that possibly this was because the slaughterers had not had sufficient time—several months—to learn how to use the humane killers. Then came the evidence sent to me, which I need not recapitulate. How long ought it to take even the stupidest person to learn how to use a humane killer? In all the foxhound kennels which I know and to which I have been—I can't count 'em up at the moment, but it goes to nearly sixty, or will by the time I'm finished with my peregrinations this hunting season—the stupidest kennelman knows how to use the humane-killer. Are these French slaughterers just stupid or merely brutal? However, all this is rather beside the main point. I think the R.S.P.C.A., even though I do not believe they know how to spell the word "gallop," have done all that they can, according to their lights, and I acquit them of any callous ineptitude, for no one can make any horse drink no matter to how many troughs you lead him, and neither the Society nor anyone else has any control of things after these horses are sold and leave our shores. So far so good, or so bad, according to the way you may view it. Now what to do?

(Continued on p. xx)



ALSO IN GALWAY: SIR JAMES NELSON AND LADY NELSON ON "MR. WRIGLEY"

This snapshot was also taken with "The Blazers" at Dunsandle recently. Lady Nelson got a bad fall out hunting recently, breaking one of her ribs and injuring her head, but is undefeated. Sir James Nelson has taken a house at Clare, Galway for the season



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# RUGBY RAMBLINGS

**O**N Wednesday next, December 9, there will be a few people making their laborious way to Twickenham, where Oxford and Cambridge are due to meet for the fifty-fifth time. Despite recent defeats the Dark Blues still hold a lead in the matter of victories, for they have won



THE OLD HARROVIAN XV

R. S. Crisp

The team which recently beat Harrow School 24 points to 10 at Harrow. The names in this group, left to right, are: Back row—Referee, P. Birkin, I. M. Birkin, D. Morgan, J. Bent, C. G. Ford, A. R. Tawell, D. Yarrow, P. D. Cotes-Preedy. Front row—R. C. B. Thackeray, J. S. Stuart, W. O'Brien-Lindsay, F. G. Crossley, A. S. Lawrence, A. Baucher, and D. G. Cameron

twenty-four to the twenty-one of Cambridge, the other nine having been drawn. Cambridge won four times running from 1925 to 1928, but last year Oxford stemmed the tide of defeat and won handsomely by a goal and a dropped goal to nil.

Can they do it again? A few weeks ago the issue appeared rather open; but as time went on the Light Blues developed into a more formidable side; whilst Oxford, handicapped by various casualties, seemed rather to stand still. The packs are both good, Oxford being if anything rather the stronger, but outside, Cambridge have a good deal the better of the argument, on paper at any rate. T. M. Hart, the Oxford centre, played brilliantly until injured in the match against Major Stanley's team, but he does not receive the best of support from his colleagues.

There is one exception to that statement in the person of C. F. Cardale, who has come on a lot this season and is sound alike in defence and attack. R. W. Smeddle, the Cambridge crack wing, will not find it an easy job to pass Cardale, who, incidentally, will be the only Englishman in the Oxford back division unless J. A. Adamson turns out, which at the moment of writing is doubtful.

Cambridge would seem to have an overwhelming advantage at half, for the Oxford pair are not convincing. N. K. Lampert must be accounted an exceedingly lucky blue at scrum-half, and W. Roberts, his partner, brilliant as he is at times, is by no means consistent.

There will be the usual desperate battles between the two packs, but Oxford will have to fight very hard to establish sufficient superiority to win the match. A good deal will

depend on the state of the ground, heavy going and a wet ball should help Oxford, but on the whole one expects Cambridge to win.

We are in the thick of the season now, and on Saturday next the first Trial takes place on the ground of the Waterloo Club at Blundellsands.

The teams for this Trial are always interesting, as they may indicate something of what is going on in the minds of the selectors. They seem to have followed the line which was generally expected, and to have built up a tentative English side around the successful Bristol team. It must be remembered that the University candidates are not available, and one at least of them the Oxonian, P. D. Howard, is as sure of his cap as any man in the country.

On paper the Whites are far stronger than the Colours, especially forward, for the first and second row consist of the men who formed such a solid phalanx for England last season. The Bristol halves, too, should be stronger than the Waterloo pair, for S. C. Meikle's limitations are well known.

R. F. Davey, of Leytonstone, is a newcomer to representative football, but he has been playing brilliantly all the season and possesses all the desirable qualifications. He is the only London forward in the game—if Leytonstone can be considered London—

with the exception of E. P. Sewell of the Harlequins, a fact which should give the big clubs furiously to think that that is the inevitable result of the low standard of forward play in town, where scrummage play is rapidly becoming one of the lost arts.

P. C. Hordern, an Oxford blue of 1928, may easily develop into a serious candidate for the highest honours. He is big and strong, and has enough pace to figure at centre sometimes for Newport. He will be well advised to stick to his real business as a forward, and not allow his ability to be frittered away by

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OXFORD UNIVERSITY v. MAJOR STANLEY'S XV

R. S. Crisp

Oxford, though beaten 18 to 3, were by no means disgraced, for their conquerors were a side of International class, and included seven caps, led by the redoubtable Sam Tucker. For fifty minutes the University kept its end up—a good performance.

The names of the combined teams in this group are: Oxford University—J. A. Adamson (Keble), P. C. Minns (Balliol), P. C. Alexander (Trinity), T. M. Hart (Brasenose), C. F. Cardale (St. Edmund's Hall), W. Roberts (Brasenose), N. K. Lampert (Balliol), S. J. Hofmeyr (University), G. V. Shillito (Wadham), W. A. H. Drift (Oriel), R. R. McGibbon (Corpus), W. E. Henley (New College), D. H. Swayne (Worcester), P. D. Howard (Wadham), A. G. Cridlan (Worcester). Major Stanley's XV—T. W. Brown (Bristol); C. D. Aarvold (Blackheath), J. R. Auty (Headington), M. A. McCanlis (Gloucester), J. S. R. Reeve (Harlequins), H. C. C. Laird (Harlequins), A. Key (Old Cranleighans), A. Carpenter (Gloucester), J. S. Tucker (captain, Bristol), A. J. Wadley (Gloucester), J. W. Forrest (United Services), B. H. Black (Blackheath), P. C. Hordern (Newport), A. S. Roncoroni (Richmond), G. Townend (Devonport Services). Referee—Mr. T. H. Vile. Those in "private" clothes are Admiral Royds, J. Baxter, Major Stanley, F. W. R. Douglas, and the touch judges



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W H I T E S T · P U R E S T · B E S T



By H. S. JOYCE

I DON'T suppose it was his real name ; but it was the name by which he was known throughout three counties. And "Ipshey" wasn't just the acquaintance of a few, and a sort of legendary figure to a multitude, like Mr. Ashley Barclay, the writer chap, who lived in a little out-of-the-way cottage on the outskirts of Great Pidmore. Ipshey was known to the "County," the farmers, the labourers, the villagers, and last but not least, the police ; but even the latter omniscient body could not have told you whence or at what time Ipshey had first appeared amongst them. His history was probably a very interesting one ; but it was locked up in the secret recesses of his own heart, and all that anyone knew about him was that he turned up at varying intervals of time and trapped moles about the fields, snared rabbits for the farmers, or exterminated the rats in some barn or store.

It was the rats that were Ipshey's real stand-by. There was nothing about rats that he didn't know, and his reputation had become so wide that, should a plague of these vermin fall upon some farmer or storekeeper, the district was immediately scoured to discover his whereabouts. At the covert side one of the gentry might be heard inquiring of a hunting farmer if he knew where the champion rat-catcher happened to be at the moment, and perhaps news would come at the end of a long day's run into the far borders of the country that Ipshey was at present clearing out the rats from Parson Osborne's stable. So a letter would be sent to the parson asking him to send the man on directly he had finished the job in hand.

The truly wild rats of the wheat-stacks and hedges Ipshey treated with scant ceremony. These were stupid, timid things, easily accounted for. Should one pass within arm's reach when bolting from his ferrets, Ipshey would shoot forth a hand as swiftly as the darting stab of a heron's beak, grab the rat by the tail, snap his teeth in a flash through the creature's brain, and fling the corpse to the ground. The old stagers which dwelt in the mills and stores were a different problem ; but though too cunning to be captured by the snares of bungling farm hands, they rarely escaped the ingenuity of their arch enemy. Should the jaws of his gins, carefully concealed in the entrances to their holes, fail in their work, he would fashion the most cunning springes from a few whippy twigs, some wire, and a length of string ; or he would erect obstacles to their progress which, being surmounted, would necessitate a drop into the certain grip of a hidden trap. He knew how to take advantage of water by hiding his traps beneath the surface so that no scent could reach the suspicious noses of his quarry. Some even went so far as to say that they had seen rats so terrified at the sight of him that the animals had sat powerless and squealing just as a rabbit will sit before a stoat, until he should put an end to their mental agony by clouting them over the head with his stick.

The harvest had been gathered in and the chill of the early autumn nights had made Ipshey forsake his summer bed under a convenient hedge and seek the more comfortable warmth of linhay, barns, or outbuildings, all of which throughout the country were well known to him. The rats also finding the fields cleared of grain, and the potatoes and mangolds lifted and stored, had forsaken the hedges and concentrated in and around the farms and outbuildings.

Ipshey had come to Great Pidmore to clear the rats from Barford Farm, and had adopted as his temporary residence a hay-loft above some stables at the far end of the farm. He had been into the village to purchase some victuals and had stopped on his return journey to gossip with George Adams, the carter, who was busy clearing off the remnant of summer luxuriance from his garden. George had been extravagant with his ridge cucumbers and had grown many more plants than were needed to produce all the cucumbers he required for his own use.

A good number of prickly gherkins still clung to the withered vines that he was tearing from the heap and he offered half-a-dozen to the rat-catcher. Now a cucumber is not the sort of food that a roving rat-catcher gets very often ; so Ipshey accepted the gift with eagerness and stuffed the pockets of his ragged coat with the plump vegetables that George handed over the hedge to him. That night he made a sumptuous meal of bread, cheese, and cucumber, washed down with well-brewed tea. He then curled up in his hay bed without any thought of the indiscretion he had committed in partaking so freely of such an indigestible meal.

Having tramped nearly twenty miles in much-worn and ill-fitting boots to reach Barford farm, Ipshey required no rocking to induce sleep ; but, though he slept soundly, the contents of his stomach produced such an effect upon his internal mechanism that he very soon began to dream. At first his dreams were pleasant. He fancied himself beside a stream over which grew a willow. From the branches of the willow hung the most wonderful grapes he had ever seen, long and green like cucumbers, but deliciously juicy. He helped himself from the abundance around him and sat back amongst the scented grasses enjoying himself immensely.

At this point the rats, which had hitherto been peeping and sniffing furtively from the rafters, became emboldened by the silence of the sleeper and commenced to run over him in their gambols. Ipshey's sub-conscious mind registered "rats," and into his dreams the animals intruded. At first they appeared only to peep at him from amongst the herbage. He flung a few of the gigantic grapes at them and each throw knocked a rat over dead. At length, one much larger than any he had yet seen, came out and addressed him, upbraiding him for his constant animosity towards the race, and threatening if he did not at once swear never to raise a hand against a rat again as long as he lived that he would call upon his followers and they would rise up and slay their oppressor. For answer, Ipshey swore, but not in the manner the giant rat intended ; Ipshey also hurled another grape at the audacious rodent and knocked it

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"Ipshey seized the creature in his hands, and tore it from him . . ."

M. L. HOGG.



# *An open letter to the Sleepless*

HOW many nights out of each week do you sleep badly? How many mornings do you get up feeling more tired than when you went to bed? You face the day with the consciousness that your energy is insufficient for you to do your best work and that you will have no vitality at the end of the day to enjoy an evening's amusement.

This question should be of vital concern to you. For every night of sleeplessness or of inadequate sleep you have to pay a heavy price in impaired vitality and strained nerves. Sound sleep is not a magic gift to be longed for in vain. It is simply a matter of knowing the causes of sleeplessness and of removing those causes.

Nervous strain and digestive unrest are the principal causes of sleeplessness. What you need before retiring is some light, easily-digested form of nourishment which will allay digestive unrest and, at the same time, soothe and restore the nerves.

There is no food beverage richer in

nerve-restoring nourishment than delicious "Ovaltine"—none more easily digested—none which contains so abundantly the food elements necessary to replenish lost energy and vitality.

"Ovaltine" is prepared from Nature's tonic foods—creamy milk, barley malt, and eggs from our own and selected farms. Eggs are particularly important because they supply organic phosphorus—an essential element for building-up brain and nerves. Not only is "Ovaltine" the richest in nutritive value, but it is also the cheapest in cost and the most economical in use. Make delicious "Ovaltine" your "good-night" beverage every night.

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P. 676

# Petrol Vapour : w. g. ASTON

## The Two Birds.

THE landlord of "Ye Olde Starre and Crowne" at Goudhurst, where I was lately staying with much enjoyment, would have me go over to a non-distant village where there was an establishment which, a year or two ago, he had seriously contemplated buying. We will call it "The Goose," and I understand that it has a more than local fame. Its proprietor, late of the mercantile marine, had filled it full of lovely old furniture, but I gathered was steadily losing money on the proposition in spite of the fact that it is (or was) quite one of the most notable inns of Kent. What we did not know, but what we quickly found out, was that "The Goose" had changed hands. The ancient place, now quite startlingly bright with glaring brewers' announcements, was presided over by an honest publican who, after sixteen years of experience in the London "trade," was no fool. Upon a discreet inquiry being made about the old furniture, Ted Someone-or-other—I am sure he was a Ted—insisted upon showing us round, and proud he was to do so. He so effectively button-holed Mrs. P. V. and myself that we positively had to inspect every apartment, and really we had a job to keep a straight face, for the fellow was so transparently delighted with everything. In a burst of confidence he informed us that when he "took over the 'ouse" it was full of rotten old rubbish. "You never see such stuff! I 'ad it all packed away in the loft, and got my own little lot in to brighten things up." There was no mistake about that process, both within and without, having been successfully accomplished. And the amusing, I will not say the surprising, thing, is that the practical unimaginative Ted, unlike his predecessor, is making the place pay hand-over-fist. He affects the uniform of his peculiar kind, a straw—"boater," shirt sleeves well rolled-up, unbuttoned waistcoat, collar, but no tie. I often wonder why the publican should affect this mode of dress, or rather of undress. Perhaps the tie is reserved for the Sabbath, to distinguish it from other days. I now see why some of the people who have left the Army, the Stock Exchange, the Law Courts, the counting-house, and even the motor business, to keep country hotels do not always shine at the job. They over-dress the part. And how can they expect to get on without a "boater"? To return to The Goose: I had observed that it boasted a goodly, swinging sign, with a not badly painted representation of the bird. My hawk-like eye also noted that directly opposite upon the other side of the village street was another formidable sign, also carrying, both obverse and reverse, a veritable painting of a goose, though the treatment of the fowl's wings was, in this case, somewhat different from the other. Also a notice in the window read "The Goose Tea Rooms." Naturally I inquired whether this was a branch enterprise. A shade of annoyance passed over Ted's amiable countenance. "That place 'as got nothing to do with me," he said darkly. "It's closed now for the winter, but it belongs to a lady, the same lady as painted both these signs, mine, and that one upper-sight. I've spoke to 'er about it, becos it don't seem right; but she tells me that the bird on 'er sign

ain't a goose at all, but a pelican!" "She calls 'em 'The Goose Tea-rooms' for all that" objected a "local" (we were discussing these affairs of State in the bar-parlour). But the estimable boniface was not to be drawn. I had expected an on-slaught upon the perfidious methods of women, upon female-amateur-artist-teashop-keepers in particular. Through the window he surveyed the hated rival sign, and would vouchsafe no more than that "it looked to him like a goose," but then, he had never seen a pelican and "the lady 'as done it would know best." But I believe that the truth is that Ted has no complaint to make. Two tall, unmissable signs are better than one; and, after all, what does it matter if there be a doubt as to the genus of the birds? With much red paint and gold the brewers have seen to it that there shall be no mistake as to where the right stuff is obtainable.



Arthur Owen  
AT LORD WIMBORNE'S SHOOT: THE HON. REGINALD FELLOWES AND THE HON. IVOR GUEST

Two of the guns at Lord Wimborne's recent shoot at Sherwood Lodge, Nottingham. The Hon. Ivor Guest is Lord Wimborne's only son and heir, and the Hon. Reginald Fellowes is an uncle of Lord de Ramsey



WITH THE MEATH AT RAHINSTOWN

Poole, Duran

Rahinstown, near Enfield, is the seat of Captain R. H. Fowler, the senior Joint Master of this famous pack. In this group, left to right, are: Front row—Mrs. Gould-Shaw, Captain A. J. Hornsby, M.F.H., Lady Athlumney, Mrs. Hornsby, Captain R. H. Fowler, M.F.H., and Mr. Chaytor, 14th/20th Hussars. Back row—Mr. Wainwright Abbott, the Duke de Stacpoole, Mr. Dalgety, Lieut.-General Sir John Fowler, K.C.B., Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Ralph Gore, and Lady Brooke. Mr. and Mrs. Gould-Shaw have taken Colonel Newman's place, Ounavarra, Leixlip, for the hunting season. Mr. Gould-Shaw is a half-brother of Lady Astor's son (Mr. Shaw) by her first marriage. Sir John Fowler is a brother of Captain Fowler, the Joint Master. Lady Athlumney is the widow of Lord Athlumney, ex-Provost Marshal in London. Lady Brooke is the wife of Sir Francis Brooke, Bart., Joint Master of the Kildare

(Continued on p. xxxii)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

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Partners and opponents: Miss D. M. Heath and Mrs. H. C. Sturgess-Wells with (right) Mrs. Page and Miss O. B. Reeves. This snapshot re-echoes the Roehampton Foursomes, in which all four players were concerned

**I**N winter time we are not in the least interested in where the flies go, it is quite bad enough to cope with those that settle on your nose as you putt in the summer. When you come to think of it, the insectivora of our British golf courses might be quite an interesting study. I seem to remember an open meeting somewhere in the Home Counties where a kindly management had to serve out some sort of liquid spray to keep away mosquitoes. You paid your sweep money, you received your card, and with it you were given a nice refreshing dose, outward application only, of the stuff. There was somewhere else where flying ants troubled us, another where wasps detracted from the fullest enjoyment of an excellent dish of strawberry jam, whilst if you allow memory to range abroad, a French Championship comes to mind where the hornets, large and unmistakable, gave ample legitimate excuse for any and every sort of missed shot.

But, as aforesaid, let us not think of such unpleasant things unless anybody should, by the time these words are in print, be feeling so chilly that the mere thought of a mosquito would be cheering, the sound of a wasp bring a cheerful glow of warmth to an otherwise blue nose, to hands which refuse resolutely to grasp any club. No, the interesting thing at this time of year is where does the lady golfer betake herself? In popular fancy she is the most special of specialists; if she cannot be playing golf, some people can only picture her sitting over a fire reading about it, ruining the carpet maybe with chip shots thence into the waste-paper basket, tenderly polishing her clubs, buying all the latest inventions so that she may test them thoroughly before the competition season is upon her again. Since the gap between autumn and spring season is for ever growing smaller and smaller, the earnest golfer will soon have little enough time even for that; next year, for example, the Ladies' London Foursomes are to be played on March 10, 11, and 12 at Camberley Heath, and how early county second teams will appear in the field nobody dare prophesy. They may, perhaps, just be allowed time to digest their Christmas plum-puddings, but hardly more.

Yet really and truly, if we could but see them, the lady golfer might be "discovered," as the early Victorian playwrights have it, doing all sorts of other things besides playing or thinking or learning golf. Miss Enid Wilson, for instance, has probably betaken herself to carpentry or the piano, unless the invitation of Horton Smith (which is supposed to be her goal before next spring) should be taking up all her time. Miss Gourlay, according to latest reports, is on Exmoor, hunting with the Quarne Harriers in company with Miss Phyllis Bayliss. It is quite difficult

## EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

### Where are They?

to imagine a more complete change from competition golf than that. Even all the resources of modern course construction would be hard put to it to pierce the defences of the National Trust to construct a golf course—perish the thought!—amongst the stones of Dunkery, the bogs of The Chains, and though we hope for her own comfort Miss Gourlay is not making too intimate acquaintance with either, there have been hunts when—well, at all events that ex-English champion is on Exmoor. Another ex-English champion, Miss D. R. Fowler, would give probably most of the golf in the world to be there too, but she is still a pretty complete invalid, and can only look up at its distant heights on clear days from her home in the other part of Somerset.

Mrs. Kenneth Morrice is perhaps the busiest of the golfers, working frantically for a law exam. Let me not be more explicit than that. I know full well that Mrs. Morrice is on the high road to becoming a barrister, but whether she does so via so many dinners in the Inner or Middle Temple, whether it is matric. or something more fearsome still I should not like to say. In any case it sounds enough to keep one golfer happy through the winter quite apart from all her musical interests and the organizing of the Ladies' London Foursomes.

And, of course, there are any number of the golfers whose time goes in the mere management of the game. To them no rest or change of occupation is possible except for a very short time, so vast and far-reaching are the proportions which golf has assumed in feminine interest. Let us think sympathetically just now of the handicap managers of the L.G.U. who, even as they wrestle with intractable Christmas presents, must prepare the 1931 sheets and work out who have won silver and bronze medals for 1930. A hard life, indeed. How soon will it be



Mrs. Hector Creswell with Miss Powell Williams, the young Devon champion. Mrs. Creswell is a former Hon. Secretary of the Scottish L.G.A., and was an International twenty years ago

possible to give them some alleviation of their work!

Amateur photographers who have really "sharp" snapshots of golfing subjects, particularly close-up photos of prize-winners, are reminded that the Editor of "The Tatler" will always be glad to consider such and to pay usual rates for any that are accepted.

All "Eve's" golfing activities are being continued by "Britannia and Eve," in which a golfing supplement is conducted by Miss Eleanor Helme.



Enthusiastic youth: Miss Kathleen Merry (left) and Miss Aline de Gunzburg. The latter, who is a cousin of the Esmond sisters, came over from France on purpose to play in the Girls' Championship

A + RETURN + TO + ELEGANCE



## The modern feminine trend

The introduction of the ankle-length evening gown heralds a return to the more definitely feminine ensemble, in the coiffure and toilet as well as in dress. With the passing of the severe, almost masculine, fashions of the past few years, the care of the complexion becomes increasingly important; to look really *soignée* in the modern gowns, one must devote a few minutes every day to this good cause—moments which can hardly be spent more pleasurable or to better effect than in the simple régime outlined below.

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POND'S BEAUTY BOX 2/6  
*Reduced from 3/-.*

*Pond's* Beauty Box is artistically modern. It contains jars of Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream, a bottle of Skin Freshener and cotton wool for applying it, and a supply of Cleansing Tissues.

**POND'S**  
Complete Method  
of Skin Care



<b>COUPON</b>	
<p>Please send me your special Sample Box containing <i>Pond's Cold Cream</i>, <i>Pond's Vanishing Cream</i> and your two new preparations, <i>Pond's Cleansing Tissues</i>, and <i>Pond's Skin Freshener</i>, for which I enclose Postal Order or Stamps for 6d.</p>	
<p>Name .....</p>	
<p>Address .....</p>	
<p>Post to POND'S EXTRACT CO., (Dept. 174) 103 St. John Street, London, E.C.1</p>	

--- SENSATIONAL  
**FOAM**  
 SLIMMING  
 TREATMENT  
 NOW AVAILABLE  
 AT DOVER STREET



ZOTIS Foam Slimming Baths, something entirely new in slimming treatments. New in appearance . . . new in principle . . . in their wonderful efficiency. • There one lies, lapped in snow-white foam . . . conscious of the faintest, most exhilarating tingle . . . conscious of divine comfort . . . conscious of utter restfulness until, wrapped in warm towels, one rises, like Venus, from the foam. • First comes a feeling of complete exhilaration . . . then of pleasant surprise at the satin softness of one's skin . . . then of ecstasy when the weighing machine tells its encouraging news. No one ever lost less than 1 lb. in a Foam Bath. Often it is considerably more. • This natural gentle slimming process is effected by the bursting of a billion micro bubbles. The foam is just simply air and water . . . it slims by the friction of the tiny bubbles which bring to the surface and break down unwanted fat. • Only at 18, Dover Street, can you obtain these baths . . . scientifically approved, medically recommended . . . harmless to the most delicate constitutions . . . certain in their results.

**Invitation.**

Call at Dover Street when next you are passing: see the foam baths for yourself; discuss your own slimming problem with the masseuse attendant. 'Phone Regent 2867

**Zotis Soapless Foam Ltd.**  
**18, Dover Street, W.1.**

# XMAS GIFTS

"I SUGGEST

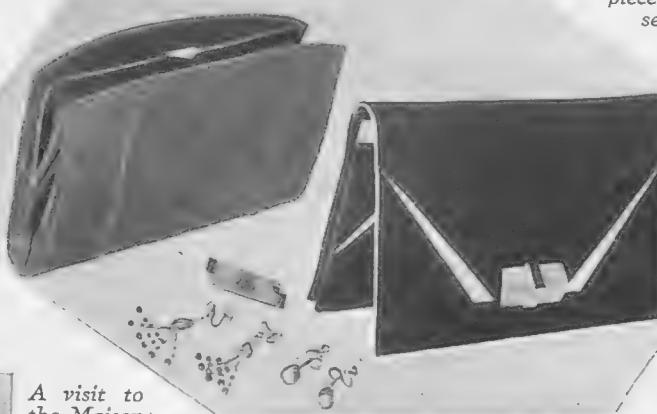
by M. E. BROOKE

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The great Christmas shopping campaign is in full swing, and it is just at this juncture that the presents lists, carefully made out in October and November are lost, and no amount of hunting for them is of the least avail. However they can easily be compiled again with the aid of the Christmas Presents Numbers of *THE TATLER*. Therein are pictured suitable gifts for men, women, and children; some are of regal magnificence, while others are inexpensive, nevertheless attractive trifles. Furthermore it makes all the difference in the world to the Christmas mood and enjoyment of the holiday if the right sort of clothes are worn. Some women are so sensitive about them, that, should they be wearing something out of date or unbecoming, their entire holiday is spoilt no matter where it may be spent. They must therefore give unto themselves a present prior to the advent of the season's festivities. There are lovely day and evening dresses at moderate prices, to say nothing of sports' clothes and flattering furs. Lounge ensembles of the pyjama and Princess persuasion have never been more lovely, and then there are the adorable mules and mocassins. And, of course, Father Christmas must be accorded his meed of appreciation as he now rules supreme.

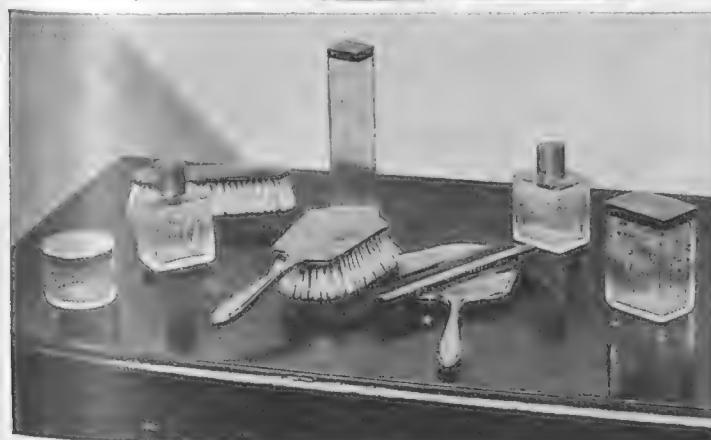


Handkerchiefs like these from Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street. There are some for men, women, and children



This altogether charming three-piece ensemble which may be seen in the Gamage salons at the Marble Arch. There are others of soft gold lamé

That the Christmas greeting of fellowship and goodwill be conveyed in a fashionable bag from the House of Jay, Regent Street, to which may be added a pair of artistic ear-rings and brooch



A Revelation attaché dressing-case, as it adjusts itself. Its G.H.Q. is 170, Piccadilly, W. In the new parchment-toned Rev hide or in blue revelex, it makes a handsome gift. There is something to suit every purse

A visit to the Maison George, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., as there are trees and animals made of glass and a host of other things



Pictures by Blake



A distinctive shillcraft bag, as they are British made and the prices are exceptionally moderate. The two pictured are of morocco, and the newest ideas of fashion are mirrored in them

# "PLEASING PRESENTS"

"I SUGGEST—"



State Express cigarettes. The "555" are obtainable in presentation cabinets containing 50, 100, or 150. Some of the lids have a matt surface and some polished gold, others are engine-turned silver



Jewellery in which real diamonds and Tecla pearls, sapphires, rubies, and emeralds are present. They may be seen in the Tecla salons, 7, Old Bond Street, W. Illustrated is a pair of ear-rings and a necklace. An important feature of the latter is that two sections can be detached and worn as bracelets. The creed of the Maison Tecla is that intrinsic beauty, not name, is the important factor in jewellery



A novelty from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W. Illustrated is a silver-mounted pocket-knife and wine-stirrer, a silver engine-turned Yale key-holder, folding scissors, and a useful perpetual calendar



Columbia Radio Model 304, on account of its remarkable range and simplicity of operation. It is operated by one dial marked in wave lengths, and is all electric



An umbrella from Brigg and Sons, St. James' Street; there are some for men and some for women. There are hunting-crops of every kind, to say nothing of the shooting seat-sticks and umbrellas

Pictures by Blake

“A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM  
DAILY CARE WITH THE  
RIGHT PREPARATIONS”

says Frances Hemming



“Just as an athlete or dancer must exercise for a few minutes every single day, to keep the muscles in trim, so must your skin be daily cleansed and nourished and protected.

Every day you should feed it with the rich nourishment of **Cyclax Skin Food**, which does not merely keep the surface smooth and soft, but penetrates deep into the tissues, making them firm and young again. Next you should cleanse your whole face and neck with the creamy lather of **Cyclax Soap**, which has nothing in common with ordinary soaps except its name . . . A dash of **Braceine** in the rinsing water will tone up your muscles and make your whole face feel marvellously fresh and firm. Once or twice a week, I want you to use my **Special Lotion** over night to draw out every deep-seated impurity from the pores and to remove any hint of yellowness. For a mild astringent, to close the pores and to smooth away lines, there is **Cyclax Complexion Milk**. And, lastly, to keep your skin close-grained under your powder, smooth on a film of **Cyclax Blended Lotion** which has a nourishing base as well as a lovely surface.”

**Cyclax Complexion Milk**  
4/-, 7/6, 15/-, 28/-

**Cyclax Soap**  
3/6 per tablet. Box of three, 9/6

**Cyclax Special Lotion**  
5/6, 10/6, 20/-

**Cyclax Blended Lotion**  
4/6, 8/6, 16/-, 30/-

“You can buy my Cyclax preparations at all good chemists, hairdressers and department stores. But I want you, if you possibly can, to come to my salons for a free consultation with me or one of my experts, so that I can study your special problems at first hand. In any case, do write for a very helpful free book . . . ‘The Art of Being Lovely.’”

Frances Hemming

# CYCLAX

CYCLAX LTD

58 SOUTH MOLTON ST W1

Telephone Mayfair 0054

PARIS

BERLIN





That these pretty breakfast sets be included in the Christmas shopping list. They come from Walpole Brothers, whose salons are at 89, New Bond Street, Sloane Street, and Kensington High Street

That nothing would be more welcome than something made of old bleach linen. There are tablecloths, bedspreads, towels, and a host of other useful things. It is bleached on the grass by sun and wind in the old way that keeps all the lustre and suppleness of the flax

Any sovereign of the nursery will look particularly fascinating in this organdi frock from P. Steinmann & Co., 189, Piccadilly, W. For members of the older generation there are pretty lace collars, jabots, and handkerchiefs

A gift that will not only be welcome but be appreciated is a bottle of Eno's fruit salts in a leather case. These salts conquer the morning-after sensation



A visit be paid to Jaeger's, 352-54, Oxford Street, W., as there may be seen a variety of cosy comforts, including the blankets and slippers portrayed. There are pretty breakfast jackets with slippers to match

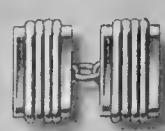


A party frock from the Treasure Cot, Oxford Street, W. The one portrayed is of organdi. There are others with "picture" skirts, and there is a splendid variety of woolley garments that are ever welcome gifts at this season of the year



BY APPOINTMENT  
JEWELLERS & SILVERSMITHS  
TO H.M. THE KING

# Gifts



18 ct. Gold Links.  
£2 15 0 per pair.



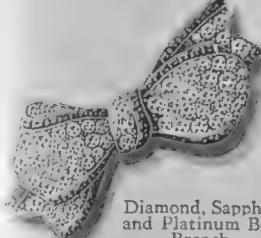
18 ct. Gold and  
Sardonyx Signet  
Ring.  
£2 10 0



Moonstone, Rose Diamond,  
Sapphire, Platinum and 18 ct. Gold  
Links. Per pair £32 10 0



Platinum and 18 ct.  
Gold Signet Ring.  
£3 10 0



Diamond, Sapphire  
and Platinum Bow  
Brooch.  
£110 0 0



Ruby and Diamond  
Ring.  
£50 0 0



Old and Diamond  
Ring.  
£23 0 0



Ruby and Diamond  
Ring.  
£62 10 0

An illustrated  
brochure of Gift  
Suggestions in  
Gem Jewellery,  
Watches, Clocks,  
Silver and Regent  
Plate, sent upon  
request.



Diamond, Platinum and  
18 ct. Gold Clip Brooch.  
£55 0 0



Pearl, Sapphire, Diamond,  
Platinum and 18 ct. Gold  
Earrings.  
£20 0 0 per pair.



Pearl, Rose Diamond,  
Sapphire and 15 ct.  
Gold Necklet.  
£11 0 0



Diamond, Rose  
Diamond, Sapphire  
and Platinum "Tee"  
Brooch. £35 0 0



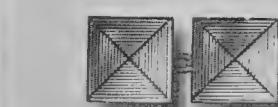
Diamond, Sapphire, Platinum  
and 18 ct. Gold Earrings.  
£45 0 0 per pair.



15 ct. Gold, Pearl  
and Enamel Brooch.  
£2 7 6



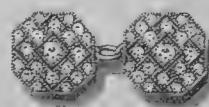
Aquamarine, Pearl and 15 ct. Gold Flexible Bracelet.  
£21 0 0



18 ct. Gold Links.  
£3 3 0 per pair.



Lapis Lazuli and  
18 ct. Gold Signet  
Ring.  
£3 12 6



Diamond, Rose Diamond,  
Platinum and 18 ct. Gold  
Links Per pair £30 0 0



Sapphire and 18 ct. Gold  
Signet Ring.  
£31 10 0



Diamond, Rose  
Diamond, Platinum  
and 18 ct. Gold Brooch.  
£14 0 0



Emerald and  
Diamond Ring.  
£70 0 0



Diamond Ring.  
£42 10 0



Diamond Ring.  
£52 10 0

## The GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD

112 Regent Street 112

LONDON W.1

(at the Corner of Glasshouse Street)

NO BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS ANYWHERE

If you cannot visit  
us, may we have  
the pleasure of  
sending you a  
selection of goods  
for your inspec-  
tion, at our own  
risk and expense.

"I SUGGEST—"

# GIFTS



That for a smoker nothing would be more welcome than this silver aeroplane, with cigar cutter and ash trays. The cockpit is for cigars, the wings for cigarettes, and the ashtrays when not needed may be secreted behind the engines. It comes from Swaine and Adeney, 189, Piccadilly, and so do the umbrella shooting seats pictured on the right



A casket of W.D. and H.O. Wills' Gold Flake cigarettes, or a 100 Capstan medium cigarettes. Gold Flake special and Capstan Navy Cut special are available in oak cabinets



A box of chocolates *Le Chat d'Or* is sure to please. They are sold by over 2,000 confectioners, or may be obtained direct from 62, Burlington Arcade. The Oxford and Cambridge assortments are 5s., and the Eton and Harrow 4s. per lb.



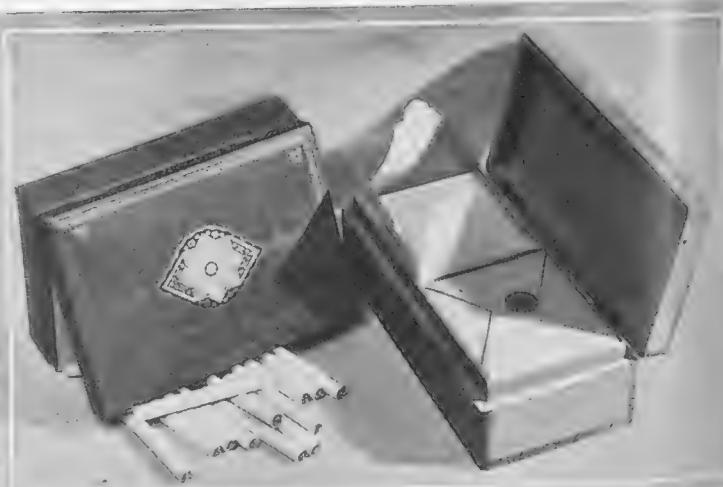
This shagreen liqueur cabinet, with glass bottles and artistically-shaped glasses. It may be seen at the House of Asprey, Bond Street, W.



A box of Cadbury's Golden East. It is a new assortment of de luxe chocolates. There are many novel containers—a lustre ware tea-set, a Pyrex casserole, and a lacquer cigarette box



Cadbury



Pictures by Blake

# She'd love a Ciro Necklet or Ciro Jewel . . .



CIRO PEARL NECKLET (as shown), 16 ins, long (complete with gold clasp, in case), £1 . 1 . 0.

Give her one this Christmas — a Ciro Jewel or a lovely necklace of Ciro Pearls. Ciro Jewels are set by men who learned their craft setting gems of immense value. You might spend pounds and pounds on a Christmas present, yet give no greater pleasure. And every jewel shown on this page costs no more than

**One Guinea**

We invite you to call and see the Ciro collections at any Ciro Salon. Or we will gladly send you a Ciro Necklet or Jewel on receipt of its cost. If after a fortnight your choice is found to be unsuitable, we will willingly exchange it, or return your money in full.

Send for new catalogues "Ciro Pearls" or "Ciro Jewellery."

**ciro pearls**

CIRO PEARLS LTD. (Dept. 8), 178 REGENT STREET AND 48 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

CITY: 120 Cheapside, E.C.

LEEDS: 38 Briggate.

DUBLIN: at Switzers.

MANCHESTER: 14 St. Ann's Sq.

BIRMINGHAM: 121 New St.

BRISTOL: at J. F. Taylor, Ltd.

LIVERPOOL: 23 Church St.

SHEFFIELD: 23 Fargate.

EDINBURGH: at Jenners.

GLASGOW: 95 Buchanan St.

BERLIN: 106 Leipzigerstrasse.

{ 14 Unter den Linden.



This party frock. It comes from Rowe's, 106, New Bond Street, W. The semi-fitting bodice, full skirt, and small cape are very becoming. There are party and other suits for boys

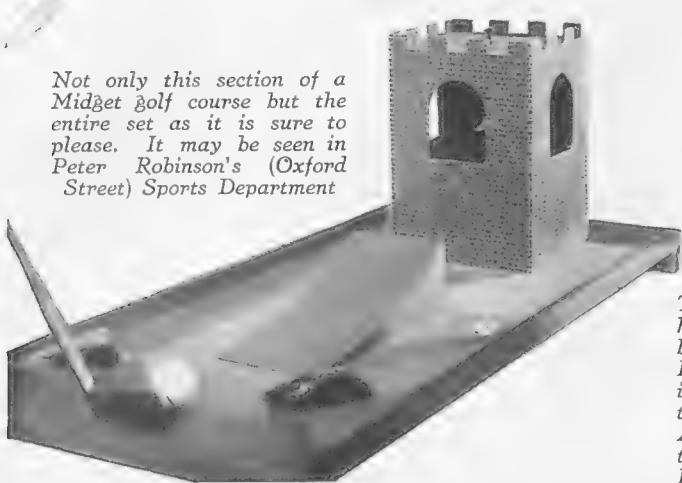


This motor-car from Selfridge's, Oxford Street, W. The chauffeur is the Father of Flip the Frog Family, the passenger and mascot being members of the younger generation



This toddle cart, with its tricycle movement pedals, as it comes from the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, and is only 25s., and of course the passengers are separate

Not only this section of a Midget golf course but the entire set as it is sure to please. It may be seen in Peter Robinson's (Oxford Street) Sports Department



This plush dog, as he is a study in black and white. He has an attractive face, and is sure to be a favourite. At Gorringes' in the Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.



Pictures by Blake



For 220 Years  
The most  
intimate and pleasing  
Xmas Gift!

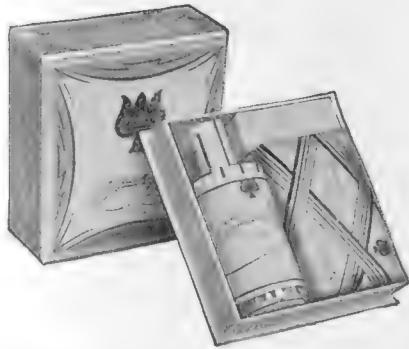


Whoever chooses Farina Red Crest Eau de Cologne as a present for Christmas follows a time-honoured custom.

There is a subtle attraction about this famous Eau de Cologne which far surpasses that of all other gifts. It is the Eau de Cologne that has been supplied by appointment to every Royal Court in Europe. Look carefully for the Red Crest which you will find on all bottles and presentation packets.  
*All good class Chemists and Stores stock Farina Red Crest Eau de Cologne*



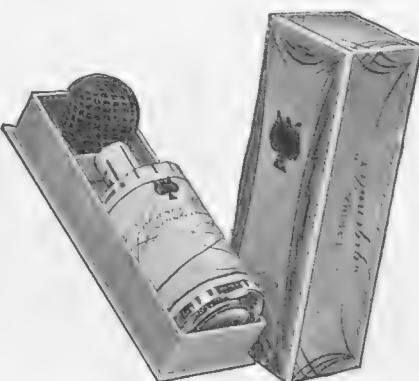
Crystal Bottle in  
Silk-lined Box,  
10/6 and 15/6



White Bottle and Soap in Box,  
3/6, 5/6 and 9/6



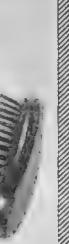
Wicker Bottles  
6/9, 12/6,  
25/- and 50/-



White Bottle, Patent Sprinkler and  
Bulb Spray in Box, 6/6 and 10/6



"I SUGGEST —"  
**Gifts for HIM**



A visit to Austin Reed's, Regent Street, as there will be seen the slippers, clothesbrush, hairbrushes in case, and tobacco-pouch, and a host of other things that make ideal gifts for "him"

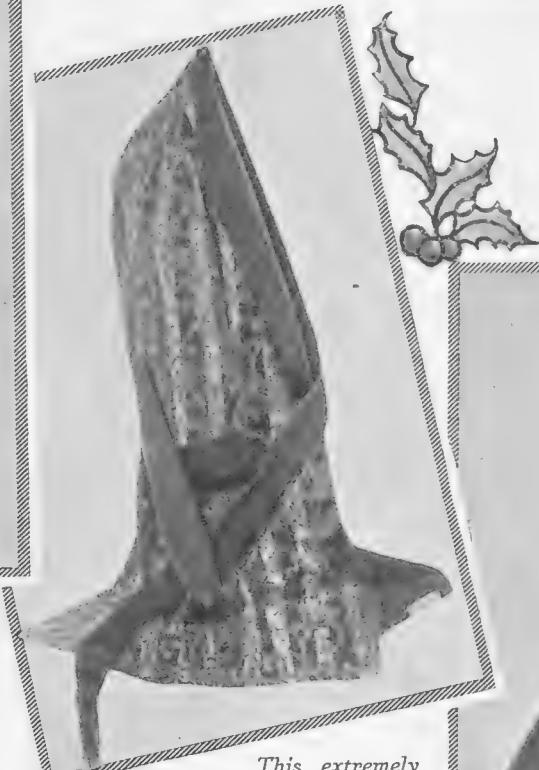


That a decidedly unusual gift would be this shirt, with tie and handkerchief. It comes from A. Sulka and Co., shirtmakers and hosiers, 27, Old Bond Street, W. They specialize in everything for "a man about town"

A Wilkinson safety razor, as there is one of an entirely new conception. It has a long life, hollow-ground blades, and perfect self-stropping. This set is 2 guineas. Furthermore, packets of blades 4s. 6d. each



This extremely desirable man's dressing-gown. Forsythe of Regent Street, W., have made it of silk crépe marocain, with a block stripe and floral design. The facings and cuffs are of plain silk, nevertheless its cost is only 7 guineas



This scarf from Lewin's, 39, Panton Street, Haymarket. This firm specializes in club and regimental club silk ties. They are guaranteed pure dye in warp and weft. They keep a stock of colours of well-known boys' clubs, universities, and Indian and English regiments and make others to order

That every man, no matter whether he be a golfer or not, will cordially welcome this prinsuède golf coat. It is perfectly practical and admirably cut. It owes its origin to the well-known firm Dela Rubber Company

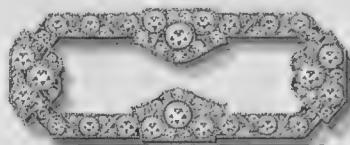


# MAPPIN & WEBB *Gifts* to suit every taste and purse

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE  
BY RETURN OF POST



3206.  
Diamonds, Platinum  
and White Gold  
"Clip" Brooch.  
£32 10 0



3207. Diamonds, Platinum and White  
Gold.  
£37 10 0



3088.  
Diamonds,  
Platinum  
and Gold.  
£22 10 0

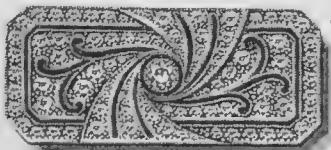


3052.  
Aquamarine  
and  
Diamonds.  
£15 15 0

3082.  
Diamonds,  
Platinum  
and Gold.  
£35 0 0



2982.  
Diamonds, Platinum  
and White Gold.  
£40 0 0



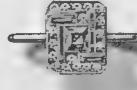
2987. Diamonds, Platinum and  
White Gold.  
£100 0 0



2837. Platinum and Gold Expanding Bracelet,  
Set with Rubies and Diamonds. £42 0 0  
" " Sapphires and Diamonds. 42 0 0  
" " Emeralds and Diamonds. 50 0 0



3014.  
Emerald and  
Diamonds.  
£22 10 0



3009.  
Diamonds.  
£30 0 0



3015.  
Emerald and  
Diamonds.  
£45 0 0



3016.  
Sapphires and  
Diamonds.  
£35 0 0



3006.  
Fine Diamonds.  
£70 0 0



3010.  
Diamonds.  
£45 0 0



3013.  
Diamonds.  
£32 10 0



BY APPOINTMENT

# MAPPIN & WEBB

172, REGENT ST., W.1. 2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4. 156-162, OXFORD ST., W.1.

PARIS. ROME. JOHANNESBURG. LONDON

MONTRÉAL. BUENOS AIRES. ETC.

*The illustrations are not over-drawn, but represent the actual size of the articles.*



3208. Aquamarines and White Gold. £9 9 0



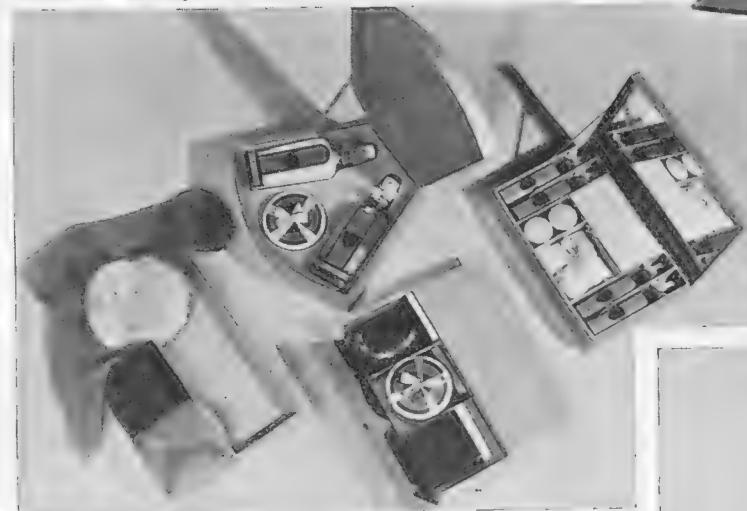
3209. All Diamonds and Platinum. £150 0 0

"I SUGGEST—" "BEAUTY GIFTS"



A Tangee beauty set. The lip-stick and rouge change colour as they are applied; they blend with the natural colouring. There are day and night creams and powder which bear the name of Tangee

A Cyclax beauty box. Their G.H.Q. is 58, South Molton Street. They are available from 10s. 6d. to £3 10s. Some of the cases are of enamelled metal in dark and light colours



Some of the Erasmic Peerless toilet preparations, as they are endowed with a violet - haunted fragrance. All who try the perfume ask for the whole range. There are very special gift cases for the little people



A Pond's beauty box, especially as its price has been reduced from 3s. to 2s. 6d. It contains jars of cold and vanishing creams, a bottle of skin freshener, cotton wool for applying it, and a supply of cleansing tissues. Pond's method of skin care is as suitable for a blonde as for a brunette

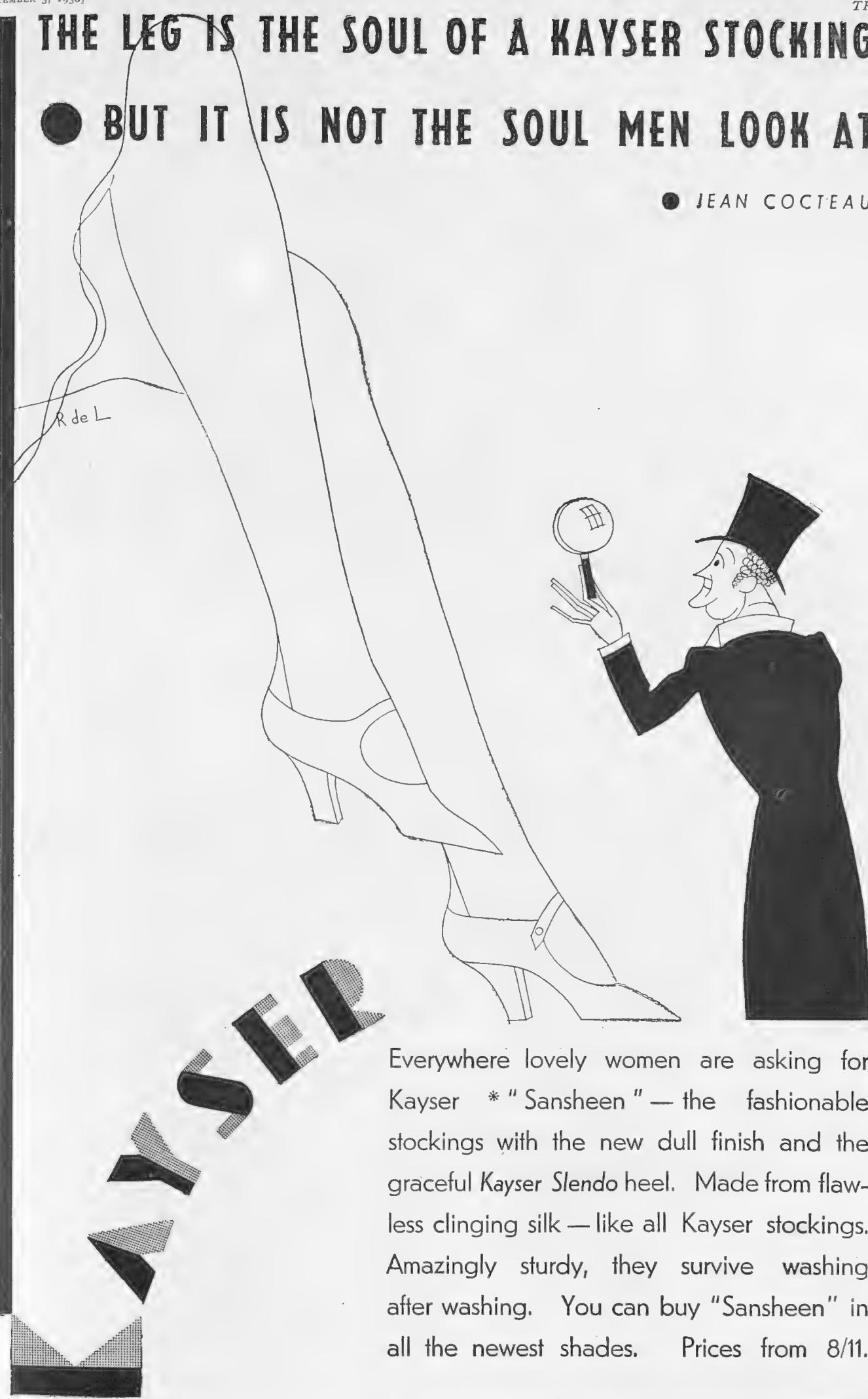


A course of treatment for oneself at Eleanor Adair's, 30, Old Bond Street, W. She has a marvellous cure for tired eyes. Hot bandlettes which contain fine herbs gathered from the East are applied. The free beauty booklet gives full particulars of her beauty boxes

**THE LEG IS THE SOUL OF A KAYSER STOCKING**

● **BUT IT IS NOT THE SOUL MEN LOOK AT**

● JEAN COCTEAU



Everywhere lovely women are asking for Kayser \* "Sansheen" — the fashionable stockings with the new dull finish and the graceful Kayser Slendo heel. Made from flawless clinging silk — like all Kayser stockings. Amazingly sturdy, they survive washing after washing. You can buy "Sansheen" in all the newest shades. Prices from 8/11.

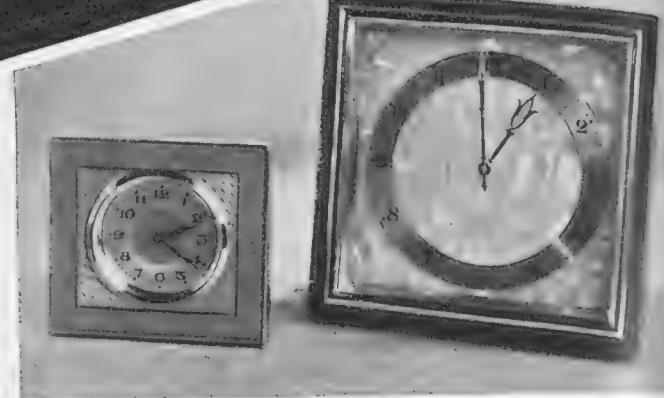
\*Trade Mark applied for: Made in U.S.A. Wholesale Distributors: C. J. DAVIS, 3 Prince's Street, Cavendish Sq., London, W.1



"I SUGGEST—"

A Pye twin-triple portable. The all-electric model and the battery model are equally delightful in appearance, in performance, and in portability. Every Pye receiver is built to give complete satisfaction

"HOME GIFTS"



A clock from Boots' of Regent Street, or one of their branches. The cost of the enamel clock with mother-of-pearl is half a Guinea, and this is the price of the brass and enamel one, while the bracket clock with mother-of-pearl dial and Jacobean case is 25s. 6d. Send for the catalogue



A Paxall expanding suit-case. It opens flat so that both sides of the case can be packed; it is available from seventeen shillings and six pence. Packing takes the minimum of time, nothing gets in the least crumpled



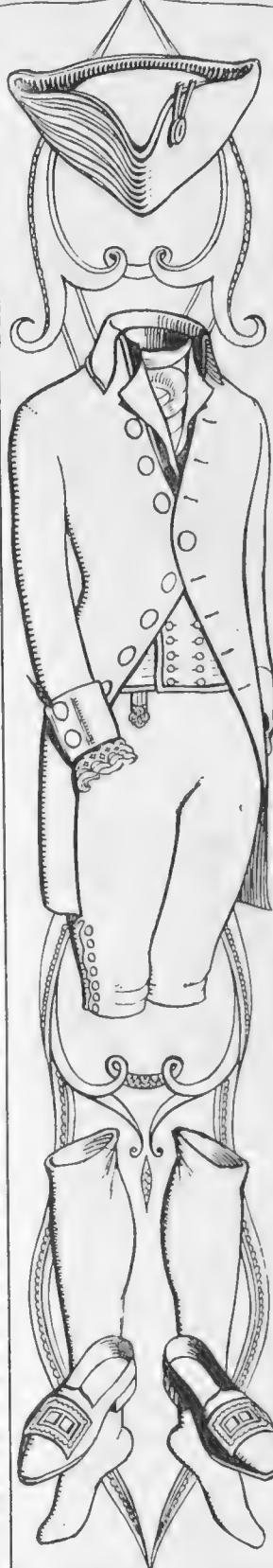
A visit to Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street; it is there that the beaten bronze umbrella-stand and log-box may be seen. There are letter file cases in antique finish introducing "Cries of London," and a splendid collection of lamps, shades, and cushions

Something in the way of electric lighting. The General Electric Company's "Emblique" lighting fittings have a special appeal as they are at the same time novel and extremely useful. They include pendants, bracelets, and standards. There is a new-shaped Osram lamp, known as the "Gothic," also candle lamps in plain and ivory colours



Pictures by Blake

ESTABLISHED  
1785



**Gieves**

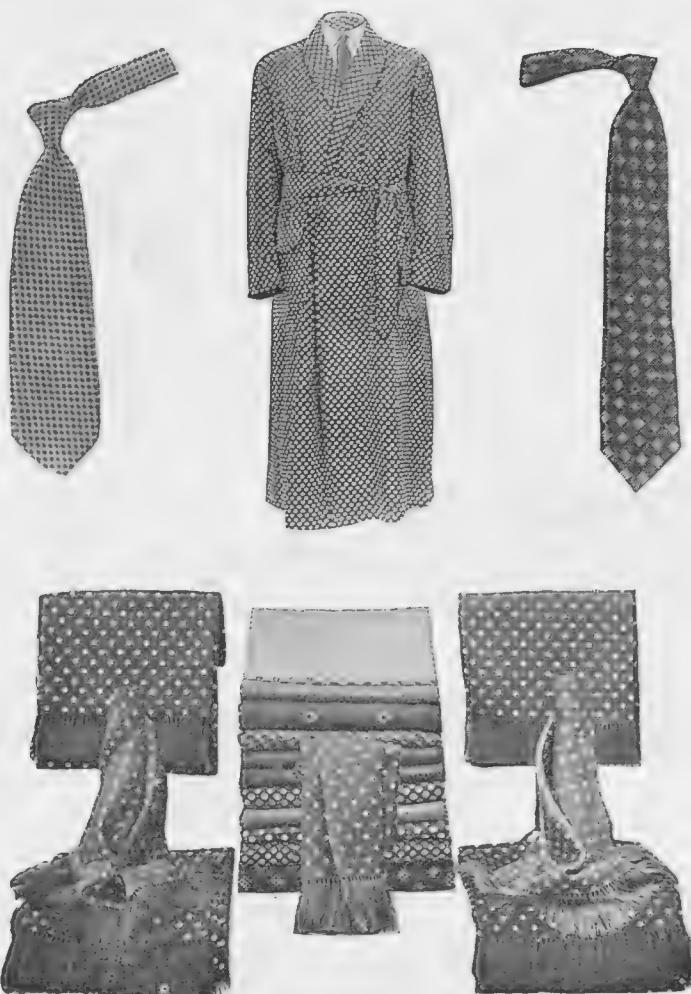


*By Appointment.*

**Gieves**  
LIMITED



*By Appointment.*



Gieves Ltd. invite inspection of their  
attractive range of

## XMAS GIFTS FOR MEN

1930

### MEN'S OUTFITTERS

TAILORS .. HATTERS .. HOSIERS

Portsmouth  
Southampton  
Edinburgh  
Liverpool  
Gibraltar

21 Old Bond Street,  
31 Burlington Arcade,  
LONDON, W.1.

Plymouth  
Weymouth  
Southsea  
Chatham  
Malta

## THE FRAGRANCE OF OLD ENGLISH LAVENDER IS SUBTLE

## Old English Lavender.

Every Englishwoman must be proud of the fact that the House of Yardley, 8, New Bond Street, W., have treasured the secret of persuading the lavender that grows in the fields to yield up its fragrance, and this they imprison in bottles at prices to suit all purses. There is every requisite of the toilet endowed with the same odour. However much times may change the love of lavender still remains. There are

many women who, after a bath, spray themselves with lavender, and

always have sachets secreted amongst their lingerie, stockings, and of course their handkerchiefs. Illustrated on the right of this page is a lavender gift case for women containing perfume, face powder compact and rouge compact, while the case for men has shaving-bowl, invisible talcum powder, liquid and solid brilliantine, and toilet soap.

## A New Perfume.

A new perfume from the House of Yardley is sure of a warm welcome. Orchis has appeared, and although still in its infancy, has been warmly applauded. It is sold in bottles ranging in price from 3s. 9d. to 19s. 6d. It is in complete harmony with the poise and personality of the modern woman. It has a new beauty of fragrance, rich and opulent, with a vibrant note of luxury and elegance. Neither must our old friends, Jasmine o' Devon and April Violet perfumes, be overlooked.

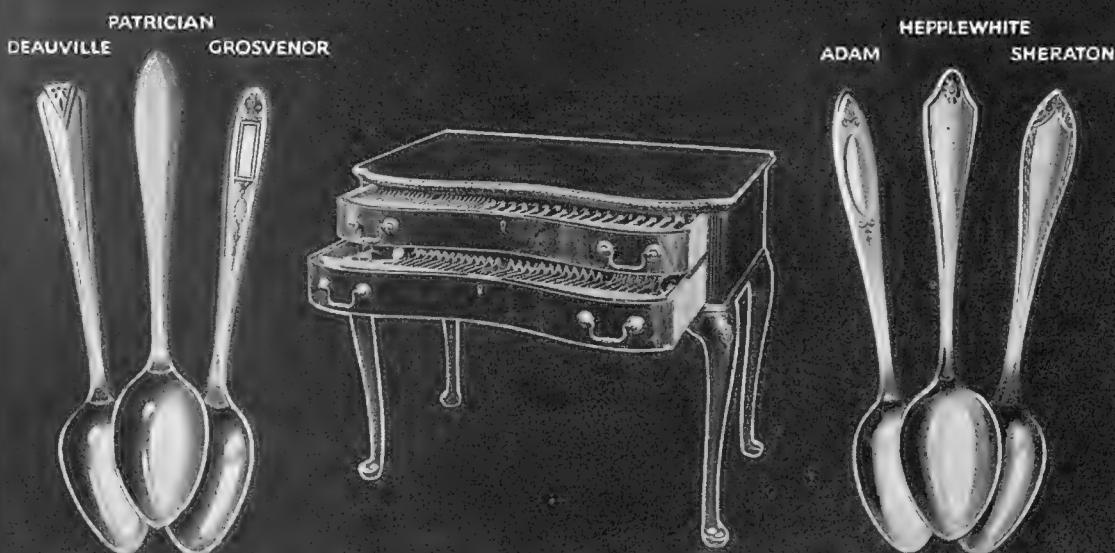


*Yardley's Old English Lavender is endowed with a fragrance that is lovable. It has encountered an appropriate container in the bottle on the left. On the right is a lavender gift case for a man and another for a woman*



BLAC

## COMMUNITY PLATE



*Write for our beautifully illustrated free folder  
"HINTS FOR THE MODERN HOSTESS"*

*Address your request to—*

**THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN**

*British Oneida Community Ltd, Walkley Lane, Sheffield.*

*If it's a question of Christmas Presents, then Community is the answer. Community Plate offers a wide choice of lovely silverware in period and modern designs, gift sets from 3/6d, or a magnificent presentation table canteen made specially to your requirements.*

Examples of  
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*Set of six teaspoons 10/5  
" " dessert spoons 19/-  
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Canteens from 8 gns.*

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At all leading  
silversmiths.



● **WHAT ABOUT THE FESTIVE SEASON?** HOW DO YOU INTEND TO CELEBRATE IT? HERE IS A WHISKY WHICH IS PROVED WHOLESOME AND BENEFICIAL. AN ABLE AID TO CONVIVIALITY. YOU'VE HEARD OF IT.

# DEWAR'S "WHITE LABEL"

NOW OBTAINABLE IN CASES CONTAINING TWO, THREE, SIX OR TWELVE BOTTLES READY PACKED FOR SENDING OFF TO YOUR FRIENDS

## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS JOY MACGEORGE

Who is shortly marrying Flight-Lieutenant Harold Thomas, R.A.F., is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel J. B. MacGeorge, R.E. (retired)

## This Month.

On December 10, Captain R. A. MacGeorge, the Rifle Brigade, and Miss M. Hanbury are being married at Holy Trinity, Brompton; Mr. Esmond Gwatkin and Miss Vera Giton have chosen the 16th for their marriage at St. Peter's Church, Bexhill; the marriage between Mr. Charles W. Roper and Miss Olive N. Grant is to take place quietly at Holy Trinity Church, Northwood, Middlesex, on the 13th; another wedding on the 16th is that between Mr. Vandeleur Phipps and Miss Joan Heaton of Gay's House, Holyport, Berks, which is to be at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street.

\* \* \*

## Recent Engagements.

Captain Maurice Sinclair Adshead, M.C., the 22nd (Cheshire) Regiment, and Miss Rosemary Renny, the younger daughter of the late Mr. Henry W. Renny and of Mrs. Renny of Broughty Ferry, Angus, Scotland; Lieutenant Edward Askey Wood, the Leicestershire

\* \* \*

MISS THELMA BLAY *Hal Linden*

Who is engaged to be married to Mr. William Paget of The Laurels, Derby. Miss Blay, who is seventeen years old, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Blay of The Manor, Ditton Hill

MISS SHIRLEY ALLEN *Angus Faith*

The younger daughter of Mr. C. T. Allen, C.I.E., and Mrs. Allen of Free Chase, Sussex, is engaged to Captain Richard Fildington

Regiment, the son of Dr. and Mrs. J. Askey Wood of Kidderminster; and Miss Irene Jeanne (Rene) Parry, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Parry of Ambala, India; Mr. Richard Edward Gascoyne, the eldest son of Mr. E. B. Gascoyne of Bapchild Court, Sittingbourne, and Miss Gladys Irene Coleman, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Coleman of Broadstairs, late of Waterloo, Liverpool; Captain A. H. Blest, the Essex Regiment, the son of the late Colonel D. A. Blest and Mrs. Blest of Folkestone, and Miss

Joan Crocker, the elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel A. A. Crocker, O.B.E., and Mrs. Crocker, of Trinity Lodge, Colchester; Lieutenant Charles Lansdown, Royal Navy, and Miss Phyllis Vera Heron, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Heron of Ealing; Mr. G. H. W. Baird, the Seaforth Highlanders, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Baird of Washbury, Newbury, and Miss Catherine Forester, the youngest daughter of Captain and Mrs. F. W. Forester of Hurdcott House, Salisbury; Mr. Harrison Russell Thompson, the elder son of Canon Harrison Thompson and Mrs. Thompson of The Rectory, Chigwell Row, Essex, and Miss Deborah Cary Hilliard, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hilliard of Crosby House, Chigwell Row.

\* \* \*

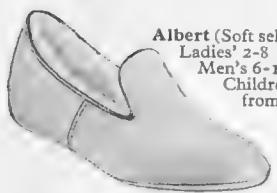
## A New Year Wedding.

On January 6, Mr. George Gilmour Robinson of the Supreme Court, Mombasa, Kenya Colony, is marrying Miss Constance Margaret Fordham of Steeple Morden, Royston, Hertfordshire, at Mombasa Cathedral.

Give them all  
Slippers for Christmas

Give something useful, something really comfortable; something beautiful; a pair of Glastonburys—the slippers that are made of the softest sheepskin with the cosiest fleece as lining.

Everyone will mean "Thank you" if you give Glastonburys.



Albert (Soft self sole).  
Ladies' 2-8 - 10/-  
Men's 6-12 11/6  
Children's from - 6/9



Court ("Klondyke" Collar).  
Ladies' 2-8 12/9  
In a variety of shades.

# Glastonburys

Sold by high-class shoe shops everywhere or apply to us for name of nearest retailer.

Clark, Son & Morland, Ltd.,  
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## VICKERY'S for Xmas Gifts

The LatestNoveltyThe "Ermeto Watch" Pochette

(Watch being detachable)

In finest Golden Beige or dull Black Crocodile Skin and Self-Winding Watch - £20 nett.

Black Lizard Skin - £14 : 18 : 6  
Brown Pigskin - - £10 : 5 : 0



**VICKERY**  
By Appointment  
Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King  
Jeweller to H.M. the Queen  
Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

## AUTHENTIC FURS



*This year of grace the fur coat for the evening affair is a disturbingly beautiful thing. Some very wonderful examples (and not a few at prices within the reach of an almost exhausted dress allowance) are to be seen at Revillons', into whose inspired hands the pick of the world's skins—the spoil and barter of a thousand trading-posts—inevitably find their way.*

*Revillon Frères*

Paris →————← New York  
180 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

## Pictures in the Fire—Continued from p. 454

Captain Fairholme, the Secretary of the R.S.P.C.A., in his letter to me says:

I have read with much interest your article in the current number of THE TATLER, and I quite agree with your remark with reference to making "the export for meat illegal," but how can that be done? It must be remembered that our export trade in live horse has dropped from (1913) 64,539 to (1929) 9,912, and that a large portion of these horses exported are sold for remounts to foreign armies, and for working purposes in foreign countries. In this connection there is every probability that some of these horses, after their working days are over, will be sent to the horse butchers. Therefore the only real remedy to ensure that our British horses will not, at the end of their working life, go for butchery is to forbid the export of all horses alive from this country, with the exception perhaps of such horses as go abroad for the definite and temporary purpose of breeding, racing, polo, etc., and are then returned.

This is a perfectly fair statement of the case as it stands. Are we at a dead end? Captain Fairholme I gather thinks that we are, and I admit that the difficulties are great. It is a devil of a fence at which to ride, but is it unjumpable? Tom Assheton-Smith said you could get the other side of anything if you had the guts to take a fall. I'm too long in the tooth to be as brave as all that now, but I'm quite on for a necessary bumper—and I think this is an occasion when we have got to risk it and damn the consequences and the collar bones.

Here are the facts: (a) horses are being brutally done to death on the Continent; (b) we have no control at the moment once they leave our shores; (c) we cannot prohibit the export of horses without interfering with trade; (d) we do not know for what purpose every horse is bought—we can only

hazard a pretty accurate guess in a number of cases, because the class of horse cannot be wanted for any but the one purpose—meat for those who like it. What then are we to do? We have no Act at the moment which is of any more use than a sick headache, but why should we not have one? We have got to tackle it this end because we cannot tackle it at the other end. Is there no parliamentary draughtsman with a sufficiently agile brain to produce an Act which, while it does not restrain legitimate trade, makes it imperative that in the contract for sale the purpose should be stated, and that if for "meat" the contract should be null and void, and payment deferred unless the horse were killed humanely and the fact certified by a properly-constituted official in the purchasing country? Shortly put, is it impossible to obtain an Act which says without any redundant verbiage: "No humane-killer, No Pay—and payment only on certificate that this has been carried out"? Is it not possible to make it illegal for any purchase-money to be paid direct to the seller, but to a properly constituted authority in this country, the Department of Agriculture, and only releasable on the production of a certificate from an equally properly constituted authority in the country to which the victim is sent, to the effect that it has been slaughtered with a humane-killer? This might make sellers think more than twice. I am not an agile parliamentary draughtsman. I do not claim to be able even to look at the legal intricacies, but I do say most emphatically that I think this idea of mine is some sort of a way through this infernally big fence, and I suggest that someone rides at it and turns the tap on full and chances a fall. It may put a pack of very angry wolves on our track. Let it. Turn and face 'em and fight—a bully is always three-parts bluff and the rest yellow liver. I can see no other way, and having said my piece I leave it to cleverer people than I am to propose anything better.



A HIGH ONE: THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, THE HON. CYNTHIA GUEST, AND THE LOADER

At Lord Wimborne's shoot at Sherwood Lodge, Nottingham, last week. The Hon. Cynthia Guest is the younger of Lord and Lady Wimborne's two daughters

*a tasteful present for him this Xmas!*

**THE STANDARD BY WHICH ALL OTHER CIGARS ARE JUDGED**

Without harmony it may be a cigar—but not LA CORONA CORONA. That is why LA CORONA CORONA is alone in quality. Every factor necessary in a really good Havana cigar is there. The searching selection of the pick of the tobacco crop . . . the subtle blending . . . the final deft touches of skilful hands . . . each quality adding its quota in perfect harmony until perfection is achieved . . . LA CORONA CORONA permanently sets a standard by which all other cigars are judged . . .

**LA CORONA CORONA**

*Be sure to examine the band. For your protection, every genuine Corona cigar, whether larger or smaller than the Corona size, carries the brand name LA CORONA.*

**HARTMANN**



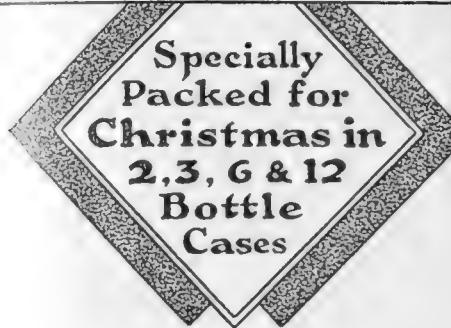
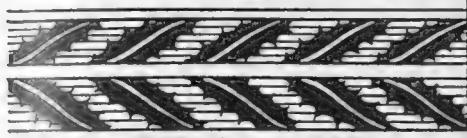
**M**ORE than half a million travellers in all parts of the world have expressed their preference for this best known of all wardrobe trunks—HARTMANN.

HARTMANN trunks are sturdy—easy to pack—keep the daintiest frock neatly pressed and have a proper place for every travel necessity. These outstanding features make them the most popular wardrobe trunk today.

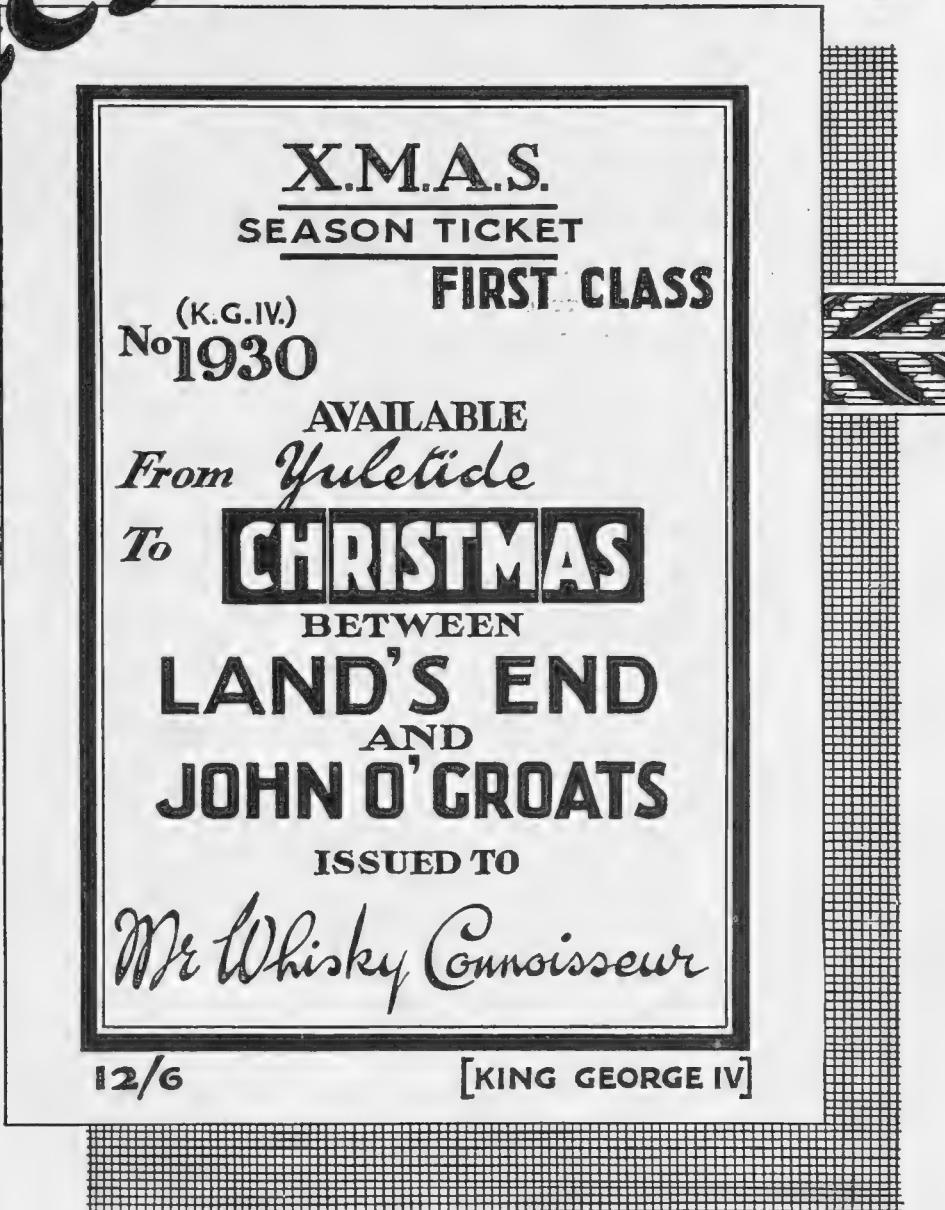
HARTMANN, purveyors of high grade luggage to the discriminating travelling public since 1878.

At the best stores and luggage shops.

# Christmas 'Season'- Special 'Fare'!



1094A



## AIR EDDIES—continued from p. 432

requisite ridiculousness and inconsequence. It is impossible to touch the nonsensical peaks attained by Mr. Bentley in such as:

George the Third  
Ought never to have occurred;  
One can only wonder  
At so grotesque a blunder.

Mr. Henry Ford,  
Has a little secret hoard,  
To which he will add a dime  
From time to time.

The best amateur efforts must necessarily fall far below those of the master. For example:

Mr. Handley-Page  
Seldom flies into a rage.  
They say it's because he  
makes pots and pots  
Out of slots.

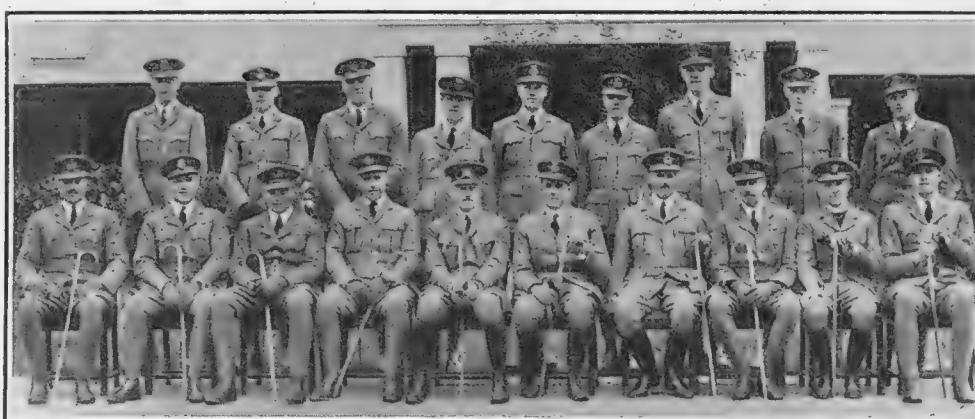
Or

Mr. C. R. Fairey  
Is exceedingly wary.  
If you ask him about the  
Fairey-Napier III F  
He pretends to be deaf.

If we turn to the pilots  
we can earn their undying  
hatred by such an effort as:

Captain Baker  
Is a bit of a Quaker.  
If a pupil says "blast,"  
He turns round and looks  
at him absolutely aghast.

Mr. Chesterton could do  
exactly the right kind of  
drawing for that. The  
making of bottled biographies  
has a deadly attraction  
about it, and once  
started it is impossible to  
stop the suggestions coming.  
The limerick is not nearly  
so dangerous a disease.



No. 605 COUNTY OF WARWICK (BOMBER) SQUADRON AUXILIARY AIR FORCE

This Squadron has been successful in again winning the Lord Esher Efficiency Trophy, which is competed for annually by all Auxiliary Air Force Squadrons. The presentation of the trophy by the Chief of Air Staff, Air Chief Marshal Sir J. M. Salmond, took place at Castle Bromwich, on Saturday, November 29. The above photograph of the Air Officer Commanding in Chief, Air Defence of Great Britain, with the Officers of the Squadron, was taken during their Annual Training at Manston last August.

The names, left to right, are: Front row—Pilot Officer M. V. De Satge (Assistant Adjutant), Flight-Lieut. J. S. Jerome, M.C., Flight-Lieut. G. V. Perry, Flight-Lieut. S. D. MacDonald, D.F.C. (Adjutant), Air-Marshal Sir Edward L. Ellington, K.C.B., C.M.G., C.B.E., Squadron-Leader J. A. C. Wright, T.D. (Commanding Officer), Air-Commandor W. F. MacNeece Foster, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C. (Air Officer Commanding, No. 1 Air Defence Group), Flight-Lieut. C. L. Knox, V.C., the Rev. H. N. Forbes, Flying Officer H. M. S. Dawes; top row—Pilot Officer E. S. Lambert, Flying Officer B. P. A. Vallance, Flying Officer J. R. H. Baker, Flying Officer N. J. Nock, Pilot Officer E. A. Adkins, Flying Officer J. P. Huins, Pilot Officer J. V. Wood, Pilot Officer J. M. Abell, Pilot Officer J. F. Gummow.

playing in various positions. Versatility is desirable to a certain extent, and a forward who can play centre is an asset in case of injury, but it is easy to think of men who have ruined their chances by being too much jacks-of-all trades. Blackheath could tell you of one or two.

An interesting member of the Colours side is G. Townend of the Army side. He has been playing an excellent game for the last year or two and is a most effective loose forward. He is another serious candidate for the England back row, where the retirement of our old friend, H. G. Periton, has left one certain vacancy. Perhaps it will be the only one, for it will not be surprising to see the pack that played against Scotland last March selected *en bloc*, Periton, of course, excepted.

There is one man missing who would certainly have been there but for illness. That is J. McD. Hodgson of the northern club, who played in all the trials last year with distinction and was distinctly unlucky not to get a cap. One remembers the surprise felt when he was withdrawn at half time in the final trial at Twickenham, for up to then he had been one of the most successful forwards on the ground. He went on the New Zealand tour and gained much distinction. He fell ill on the homeward voyage and has not played since.

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The NEW  
  
**MINTY CLUB CHAIR**

The Ideal Xmas Gift

Prices:

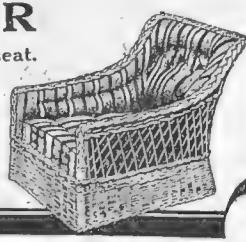
**SMALL £3:15:0  
MEDIUM £4:5:0  
LARGE £4:15:0**

When cleaning or making loose covers, any housewife can take this Minty Club Chair apart. No hidden dust-traps. Hair and fibre stuffing, springs in each part interlaced with woven wire.

MADE BY THE MAKERS  
OF THE FAMOUS **MINTY CHAIR**  
Prices from **37/6** according to length of seat.

Write for Catalogue of the Minty "Varsity" and "Club" Chairs.

**Minty** LTD. (Dept. 37), 44-45, HIGH ST., OXFORD.  
New and Enlarged London Showrooms:  
123, VICTORIA ST., WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.



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Vichy-Célestins**

**I**N the famous Vichy-Célestins Natural Mineral Water, Nature supplies just those salts and other mineral elements which repel liverish tendencies.

Vichy-Célestins is a natural orderly which helps the liver to function normally. Its gentle stimulating effect is welcomed in all cases of sluggishness. It clears the blood-stream from all impurities.

Vichy-Célestins is very pleasant to the taste, and may be taken at meals either alone or mixed with light wines or spirits.

Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

*The French Natural Mineral Water*

**VICHY-CÉLESTINS**

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:

**INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.**

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ORCHIS  
*a new perfume by*  
 YARDLEY



A new beauty of fragrance,  
 to harmonise with the poise  
 and personality of the modern  
 woman : This is Orchis —  
 the latest creation of Yardley  
 — rich, opulent and lasting,  
 with that authentic touch of  
 luxury and elegance

Perfume from 19/6 to 3/9  
 Compact Face Powder 2/6

YARDLEY

8 New Bond Street

LONDON

## From the Shires and Provinces

(Continued from p. 426)

right for the Millpool varmint. A good hound hunt brought those who got across or under the railway to Ufton Wood—the last lap rode heavy.

Here's the super-best to Gros and Lila; we hope the bridegroom jumped the altar fence in the same perfect style his grey does a country.

Friday, a grand scent wasted; one solitary fox found all day.

Gordon, however, kept all minds cheerful and warm with a well-blended assortment of stories.

## From the Fernie

Hard frost made hunting doubtful at Bruntingthorpe on Monday, November 17. Hounds were brought on late, and with generous sunshine the land became rideable. All were pleased to see Sir Harold back in the saddle again. Those who arrived early found the car preferable to the back of a horse during the cold wait. The lady in the hunting cap caught the eye of the snap-shottist. The headgear suited well. Lady Beatty and her sons, Lord Borodale and Peter were with us.

It is rumoured the Earl may become M.F.H. of a near-by pack! That hard-riding fox-chaser, Baron de Tuyl, was up from the Beaufort country, while Lord Ebury and Tommy were in a car, both recovering. A sharp scurry from Gilmorton by Walton and Kimcote to Misterton was much enjoyed, the small enclosures providing all kinds of fences. At one place there were eight loose horses running around. The irate farmer who was hunting in a pony cart to warn the field off his seeds was successful.

Rain and mist rather spoiled the early part of the Church Langton day. The going was heavy. When our fox left Shangton Holt laggards were found groping about wondering where hounds had vanished to. The Laird of Skeffington was plodding on foot looking for his quad, fortunately he was found a few fields away in the mist. The plucky horsewoman with the winning smile on the grey had bought her bit of land, and several others were hall-marked. Those who were able to keep with hounds all the way had a topping hunt by way of Tamboro and Rolleston before scent gave out.

## From the Heythrop

On Wednesday, at Hopcroft's Holt, in the absence of the Joint Masters, our secretary became our *locum tenens*, and very well he held his position, too. The field was a small one, but there were several visitors' horse-boxes to be seen which we hope indicates several Christmas boxes to the hunt funds. Of the many fair flowers of our field, Heather is one that does not look her best in muddy soil.

Friday at Bourton Bridge was a good day although a scentless one, but the dog hounds hunted beautifully and were always on terms with their fox; there is nothing like being on terms with your fox and your banker. Our fox was killed in the open, and we often wish our banker could be killed in secret.

Saturday, at Barrington Park, was a wild, stormy day, but a large field was refreshed by Colonel and Mrs. Wingfield, and so suddenly was a fox on the move that some of the nippers were badly nipped before they had drained their glasses. The weather got worse as the day wore on and the drink wore out, but several restaurant cars seemed to offer a welcome port in the storm.

## From the York and Ainsty

Let this be our boast; though we wallow in mud,  
Though our country's half plough and our drains are in flood,  
Whether crawling behind, whether forging in front,  
We're a prim, very proper, respectable hunt!

I daresay this is because many of us live within sight of York Minster; but no matter. Monday and Tuesday, November 17 and 18, saw both the North and South stopped by frost, rather unusual for the time of year; but the rest of the week turned out well. Both packs were out on Thursday (20th) at Roecliffe and Sutton respectively and, though it rained all day, those who came out were rewarded, especially the South, who scored a five-mile point from Hundred-Acre Wood (Haxby) by Moorlands and Rawcliffe to Skelton Spring. David's dog pack also had a most successful day from the Hemingbrough Station fixture—the first meet here for twenty years or more. A small and select field included two pillars of the Holderness, complete with trailer horse boxes. A very big South Duffield fox gave us a circular forty-five minutes before getting to ground near Woodhall, followed by a racing fifteen minutes from Cliffe Wood to Bowthorpe, hounds killing on the edge of the flooded Derwent. Doris, found dismantled, was "put up" in record time by our chivalrous huntsman; whilst Percy thought it desirable to visit the scene of his activities next day.

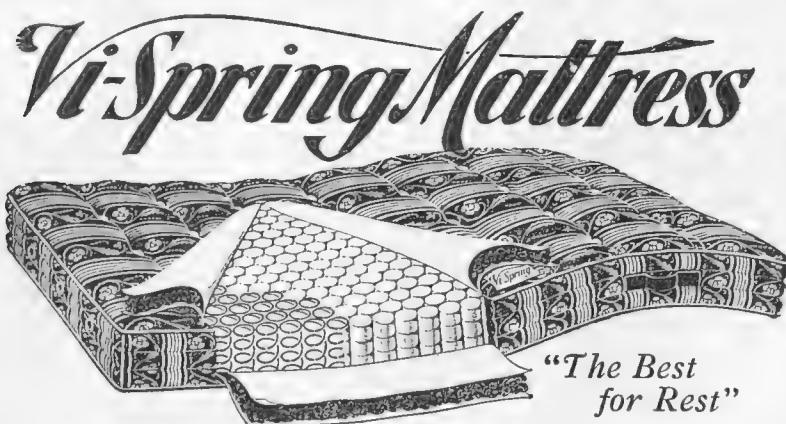
(Continued on p. xxiv)

# The most luxurious Christmas gift

What better gift at Christmastide than one that bestows luxurious comfort, and sound sleep that promotes glorious good health.

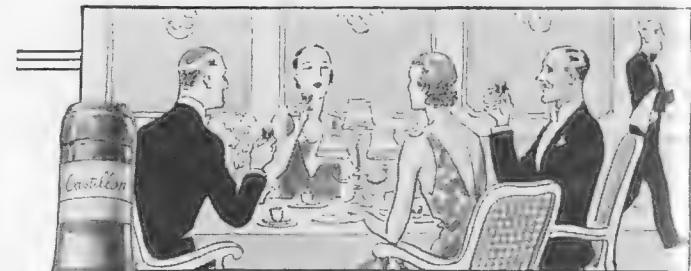
Such is your gift when you give a Vi-Spring Overlay Mattress. Superbly upholstered in many handsome damasks, the quality and appearance of the "Vi-Spring" makes it exactly what one seeks in a gift. And years hence, when most other gifts are forgotten, the recipient will still be enjoying its sleep compelling comfort, for the sturdy construction of the "Vi-Spring" ensures lifelong service.

Look for the registered name "Vi-Spring."



Sold by all reliable House Furnishers. Write to-day for beautifully illustrated catalogue fully describing this luxurious overlay mattress.

**Vi-Spring Products Ltd.** 41, Vi-Spring Works, Victoria Road, Willesden Junction, London, N.W. 1



## CASTILLON—Guardian of Hospitality and Health

The man who knows good Brandy will find body and vitality, combined with an elegance of bouquet which tells him instantly that Castillon is a Cognac with all the distinction of the products of the Cognac district. There is none more worthy of the title—"Brandy at its very best."

With Castillon in the house a man is never caught off his guard; whether the rules of hospitality or health are at stake.

Buy Castillon Cognac Brandy in whole and half bottles or handy pocket flasks from wine and spirit merchants or the principal stores. Should you have any difficulty please write to us. The London Agents, 85 Turnmill Street, E.C.1.



## Not an everyday gift yet a gift for every day

A Tecla necklace will wear as long as the woman who wears it. Tecla necklaces bought a quarter of a century ago are still worn and cherished by their owners. Thus you may give her this Christmas an ornament that will be a talisman of Christmas sentiment for a score or more Christmases to come.

Tecla Pearl Necklaces are priced from £2 2s. Tecla's latest triumph is Tecla jewellery. Here in the loveliest form are the loveliest stones in fitting settings, and yet, such is the art of the Tecla craftsmen, that though they are copies they are themselves works of surpassing beauty.

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## Youthful in Contour and Complexion

BEAUTIFUL women the world over owe their rejuvenated looks to Eleanor Adair's Scientific Treatments. By her famous original Strapping Muscle Treatment and Preparations double chins are transformed into the youthful poise of a chiselled contour. Eleanor Adair also specialises in a marvellous treatment to cure tired, lined eyes.

*Eleanor Adair specially invites ladies to call at her Salon, where expert advice can be had free of charge.*

### EASTERN MUSCLE OIL:

There is no other preparation like this wonderful Muscle Oil to strengthen the exhausted tissues, round out furrowed cheeks, smooth and invigorate sagging muscles of the face and neck. 5/6, 10/6, 21/6

### GANESH DARA:

Removes superfluous hair by the roots, leaving the skin smooth and white. Easy to apply, perfectly safe and recommended by doctors. 10/6

### GANESH EASTERN

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nourishes the skin, keeps it soft and supple. A tissue-builder specially prepared for dry and tender skins. 2/6 and 6/6

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keeps the face in shape and the mouth closed during sleep. Also removes double chins. 21/6, 25/6 and 27/6

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is an excellent tonic for the skin, which is strengthened and whitened. Closes open pores. 5/6, 7/6, 10/6 and 21/6

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2, Place Louise, Brussels  
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Under Royal Patronage. Recommended by the Medical Profession.

## From the Shires and Provinces—cont.

## From Lincolnshire

November will be remembered as a scentless month and very wet towards the close, so that the ground rode deep and waterlogged with a prolific crop of falls in consequence. Southwold followers experienced these difficulties in a very full measure on Saturday (November 22), when a late afternoon fox from Partney Privets took them right across the Fens to Little Steeping, where he knew of a safe earth. The country was up to the hocks and the big yawning drains came thick and fast, yet there were those out who would not have turned back even at the Thames! Some, of course, got in instead of over without any great harm being done, but the strappers had a bad time.

Although Burton foxes have been hard to find this season, which has caused some weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, hounds gave a taste of their capabilities on November 22, when opportunity for a pipe-opener was afforded by a fox from Torrington Gorse whose flight to Hainton Park and back occupied forty minutes. It was a rare stroke of luck on his part to reach shelter underground just as hounds were snapping at his brush, and luckier still that his asylum was on Southwold soil, so that he could not be served with process of eviction. A few more gallops like this will give an enormous fillip to the pack of which historians loved to write in the days of Squire Osbaldeston and Mr. Assheton-Smith.

Owing to the great pressure on space in the hunting pages, contributors are asked to condense their notes as much as possible and to write upon one side of the paper only. All copy should reach this office not later than the first post on Wednesday morning.

## Rats (Continued from p. 458)

backwards into the stream. The fall of their leader seemed to be a signal for the rising of the rats. They sprang up from all quarters, monstrous creatures as big as sheep, and leapt to the attack.

Precisely at this moment one of the rats in the hay-loft, passing close to the sleeper's head and smelling flesh that seemed good to eat, plunged his teeth into Ipshey's bare neck.

In a frenzy of pain, yet still scarcely awake, Ipshey seized the creature in his hands and tore it from him, crushing out its life in the fierceness of his grip, and tearing his own flesh into a gaping wound where the rat's teeth had met. In his mind it was one of the giant rats that had just sprung upon him, and fighting desperately against the others that surged around him, he flung himself for safety into the stream.

Access to the hayloft was obtained through an opening in the floor and by means of a ladder fixed vertically to the wall of the stable below. It was through this opening that the man hurled himself, in fancy into the stream, in his half-awake struggle with the phantom rats.

George found him there next morning with a broken neck, the crushed body of a dead rat in his left hand, a jagged wound in his throat, and a piece of his flesh still clenched between the dead rat's teeth.

"Ah! So the rats ha' got thee a'ter all," was his comment as he set off to give information at the farm.

The verdict of Great Pidmore did not coincide with that passed at the inquest, and now it is generally accepted as fact throughout three counties, that the rats planned to attack Ipshey in his sleep and carried their proposal to a successful conclusion.

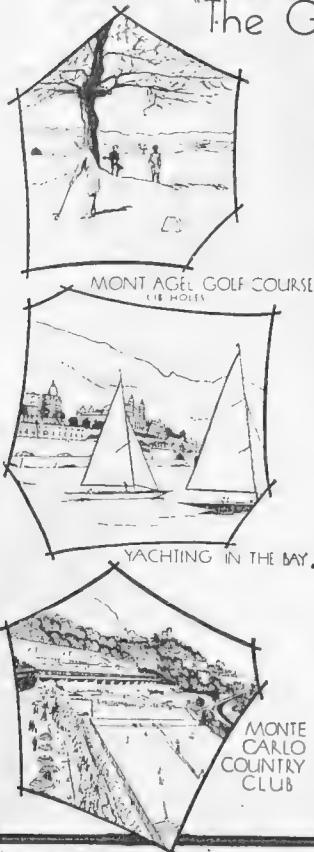


MR. FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A., AND  
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Who have joined forces to arrange the scheme of decorations for the Chelsea Arts Ball at the Albert Hall, on December 31. This snapshot was taken at Mr. Brangwyn's studio at Ditchling, Hassocks

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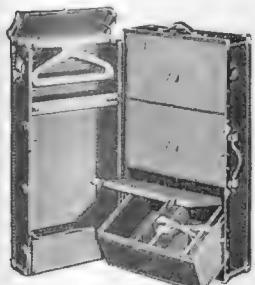


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# The Actor Who Won't Retire

By H. B.

If the ex-Emperor of Germany had remained in the strictest retirement at Doorn, his own people and the sympathies of this country might begin to soften towards him. Our resentment would slowly diminish to a point when we might come to understand the tangled influences behind the failure of his life. But the Emperor is an actor who cannot retire into the quiet which would nurture our sympathies for him.

Germany is still indignant over his new book, which has just been translated into English under the title of "Kaiser and Chancellor." The book bears the name of Karl Friedrich Nowak, an astute Berlin journalist, who admits in the opening pages that every word in his book has been sanctioned, and many a word written by the Emperor himself.

So this book, which deals with the years leading up to the incident in Tenniel's famous cartoon, "Dropping the Pilot," is the Kaiser's statement to the world.

As such we may examine it with surprise and interest.

The Kaiser has always been jealous of his reputation in England. It was only through his theatrical temper—not his wish—that he made an enemy of King Edward, and it was only his flamboyant manner which lost him the affection of Queen Victoria. When he came to England as a child, the self-will and temper of his later years were already destroying his chances in life. His character had developed to an interesting point when the Emperor Friedrich died and left William II and Bismarck to face each other and



"ALL THE WINNERS!"—MISS GRANIA GUINNESS

Who appeared as a newsboy in a ballet performed by Miss Vacani's pupils at a matinée on December 2, at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital. Grania is the daughter of the Hon. Walter Guinness and Lady Evelyn Guinness

then to face Germany. Herr Nowak's book deals with the years which led up to Bismarck's dismissal from the Emperor's favour.

I choose one story from the book to show the way in which the Kaiser has dressed up his dramas. When von Lucanus was appointed head of the Civil Cabinet he went to Bismarck who said to him, "Congratulations on your new office, Lucanus. But of course you will have expenses in settling in; allow me to put the needful at your disposal!"

"There was a big bag of money on the table. The Prince (Bismarck) had had it ready and took it up now as though it were a purse of sequins, holding it up to the utterly astonished and dismayed Lucanus."

Is it likely, for one moment, that Bismarck would have been such a fool as to keep a "big bag of money on the table"? Here the theatrical producer has stepped in. The figure of Bismarck with a bag of gold fails to convince us. But English readers should be warned that this story has already been denied in Germany by Lucanus' son, and Herr Nowak has admitted that the story was told him by the Emperor himself. How, then, are we to believe in this *apologia*?

We turn to p. 90 and find an incident included in this history of 1889 which actually took place at the Berlin Congress in 1878. Nowak tells us in this account of 1889 that Peter, Count Shuvorov, the Russian Ambassador in London, said, "Le Prince de Bismarck a le cauchemar des coalitions!" and that when the phrase was repeated to Bismarck, he replied, "Nécessairement!"

Bismarck has already recorded the same incident as happening in 1878.

Herr Nowak has surely caught the Kaiser's love for theatrical situations when he describes a dinner at which Bismarck was placed so far away from the Tsar that it was impossible for him to have a moment's conversation with him. He had hoped to sit beside him. The Tsar

(Continued on p. 212)

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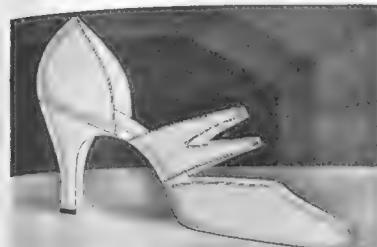
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## The Actor Who Won't Retire

—continued from p. xxviii

looked towards Bismarck in the distance and lifted his glass. Herr Nowak says that Bismarck "sprang up from the table, and with his left hand, deliberately pushed his chair back and upset it with a tremendous crash. The glasses clattered on the table, the waiters started, the guests were struck dumb. Prince Bismarck, drawing himself up to his full, gigantic stature, his face beaming, drank to the Tsar. . . ."

How on earth does Herr Nowak know that Bismarck "deliberately" pushed his chair back and upset it? And why should a falling chair make the glasses clatter on a heavy banqueting table? Such excited prose reduces one's faith in Herr Nowak's method.

In this book we are told that King Edward blackened the Emperor's character to the Tsar. When we turn to the back of the book for Herr Nowak's authorities we find little consolation in such references as "The German and Foreign Press of the Period," or communications from "The Immediate Circle of Prince Bismarck."

In any book dealing with a subject as important as this, authority must be given for every statement if it is to be accepted seriously. Every page must have its foot-notes and authorities, and we cannot accept a few pages of vague references at the end of a book as proof of the authenticity of so many important announcements.

In studying the Kaiser's place in history we must consider him in relation to the whole of the Coburg dynasty. One hundred years ago Prince Leopold of Coburg had lifted his family from the ignominy and poverty in which the French left them when they withdrew from southern Germany.

Leopold was an amazing man. He was not the dear, virtuous uncle Queen Victoria imagined him to be. But he was an amazingly clever man, and he fought hard to place the members of his family in half the Courts of Europe. He succeeded in doing it, and the little German family became a power throughout the length and breadth of Europe. They worked together to increase the Coburg glory. When Leopold failed to rule England through the death of Princess Charlotte, he knew that the next best thing he could do was to place another member of his family at hand to take up the reins when the last of the wicked Georges died. So he married his sister to the Duke of Kent, and to make the position more secure he trained his nephew, Albert, to take the place of Consort, which he would have occupied if Princess Charlotte had lived.

The Consort of the Queen of Portugal was a Coburg, and his son became King of Bulgaria. Leopold himself was King of the Belgians, and his sister married a man who rose "to high rank and distinction in

the Austrian service." His other sister, Antoinette, married the brother of the Russian Empress; and Julie, the third sister, married the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia. Thus had their power spread.

But it is curious and sad that Leopold's ambitions should not have secured the Coburg's glory which could live beyond one generation. The Coburg who ruled Bulgaria has retired in ignominy. In Russia and Portugal their influence has died, and Leopold's own son was unable to maintain the position his father had made in Belgium. In England alone the Coburg theories prospered in a dynasty which has made the Crown more popular than it has ever been in the whole of England's story.

In Germany, too, the Kaiser has ended that splendid story of the Coburg power. His mother went there from the English Court full of the Prince Consort's method. The ideas she imposed upon the Prussian Court were the ideas of Albert, inculcated in him by Leopold of Belgium.

The Queen and the Prince Consort gave to England an ideal of middle-class family life which was sadly needed in an age when the English people had no such ideal—when it was said that Lord Dartmouth was the only peer in England who said his prayers; when the English upper classes firmly believed that the Ten Commandments were a pretty affectation for peasants and the clergy but rather vulgar when they were affected by anybody who lived above the salt. Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort were the only two products of the Coburg system who lived up to that ideal of domestic happiness. It may have been unconscious, but it was certain that Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort restored the Ten Commandments to English favour. They also gave us the millions of lithographs and prints of a husband and wife with their children gathered contentedly about them. These lithographs and prints were hung in the cottages and tap-rooms of the country, and they gave the English middle and lower classes an ideal to be lived up to.

This diversion may seem to have carried us far from the Kaiser and his book. But I think it gives one of the reasons why we cannot accept the apologia of this unfortunate man, whose domestic life gave his country nothing to believe in, and whose arrogance was a false stimulus to the character of the ruling classes in Germany.

Herr Nowak's book shows us the Kaiser growing up in an atmosphere of domestic distrust and parental misunderstanding. It may be very sentimental of us to turn to the million lithographs in the cottages and the tap-rooms, but when we do turn thus and see the well-known print of the four generations of the House of Windsor and observe its quiet domestic character, we know one reason why the King and Queen are in Buckingham Palace and why the unfortunate German Emperor is at Doorn.

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## MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

The news that the Danish Postal Authorities have placed orders with Singer and Co., Ltd., of Coventry, for a fleet of Junior delivery vans is of two-fold interest; it shows that the efforts of British manufacturers in the continental markets are meeting with a measure of success, and it is a definite proof that this type of vehicle which was, of course, pioneered by Great Britain, is making head-way overseas as it is at home. There is, indeed, much to be said for this class of delivery motor. Its first cost is exceptionally low—in the case of the Singer Junior it is £130 only, and its average running expenses, including petrol and oil, tax, and insurance, are but a penny a mile. It carries a full 5 cwt., and has an interior body space of about 25 cubic ft. It is capable of continuous hard work and, when necessary, it will do 50 m.p.h. It thus has the economy and capabilities of the motor-cycle side-carrier. For most kinds of delivery work again it compares most favourably with vehicles of double the size—and double the running costs. How often one sees a hundredweight of goods, or less, being carried by a 10-cwt. van! The waste is obvious. For shopkeepers and those to whom speed of dispatch is of primary importance the 5-cwt. van fills the bill.

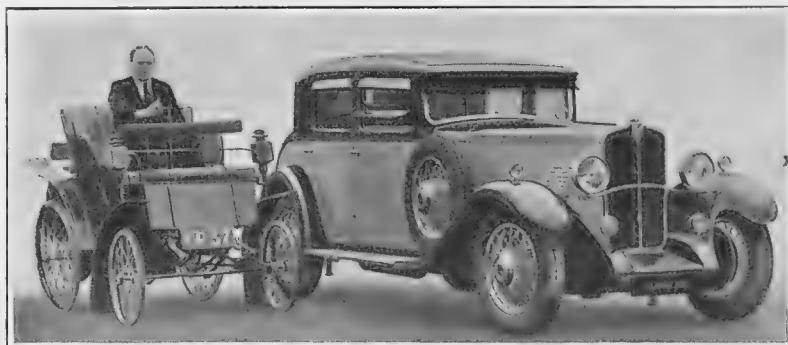
\* \* \*

The risk of skidding will always be present so long as there remain the extremely treacherous surfaces under certain weather conditions which are encountered in all parts of the country. Tyres have been brought to a remarkable state of perfection and are practically skid-proof, while the modern car is a wonderfully road-worthy machine. But it is essential for our roads to have a continuity of surface which will possess the same degree of adhesion under similar conditions. Perhaps one of these days the Ministry of Transport will see fit to refuse a grant, excepting for the construction of a standardized non-slippery road.

## PETROL VAPOUR—continued from p. 460

warriors cries "pax." Then there will be the usual armistice, during which the opposing sides will rehabilitate themselves and salve their wounds by putting the price up again. We motorists, I suppose, must not grumble, for our gains and losses balance one another pretty accurately, and so long as there is a real competition in the fuel market we are fairly well assured of getting our money's worth. And a point that is not to be lost sight of is that, generally speaking, we are getting good stuff. But, crikey, some of it does niff a bit! I got a fill-up for my cigarette-lighter the other day that was simply nauseating. My waistcoat had to be aired for a week ere it was wearable. My friends withdrew the hem of their garments from me. In spite of a bad cold I realized that I was noisome and pestilent. I am sure this must have been some Russian spirit distilled from dead bodies. But now I am informed we are to have a supply—no less than 10,000,000 gallons in a year—of home-produced semi-alcohol fuel at 8d. per gallon. What visions of cheap motoring are thus opened up, even though that amount is but a drop in the ocean? Years and years ago we ought to have started on alcohol fuel. Probably had we done so we should by now have been inde-

pendent of external sources of supply of motor-spirit, and agriculture would have been booming. But it seems that there are two things rigidly "taboo" in this country. You must not employ for any other purpose that which can be used for food. And you must not decoct that which some frenzied dipsomaniac can drink. Everybody will of course wish this new alcohol scheme all possible success, but one point must be borne in mind; essentially this sort of juice calls for a high-compression engine. We must not therefore expect to have the same "pep" as petrol.



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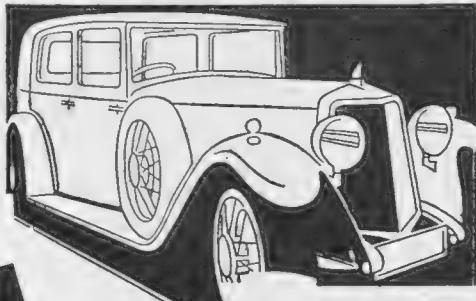


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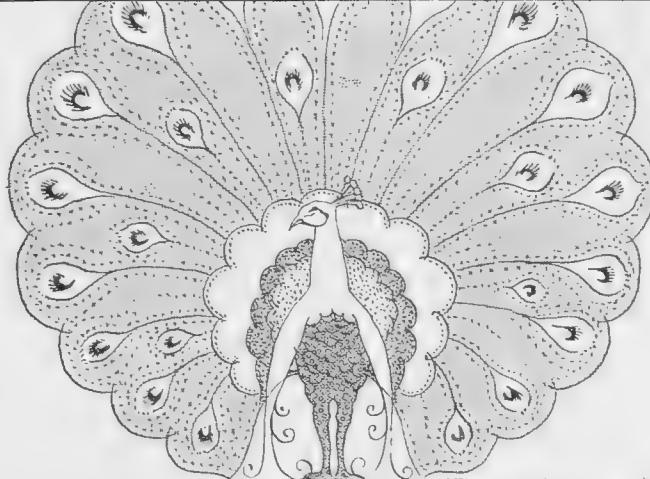
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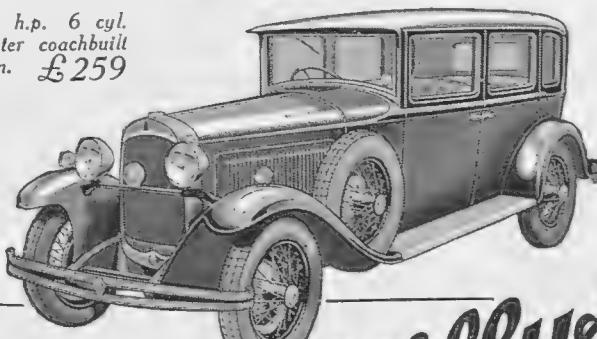
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## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

It is with deep regret that all members and those interested in the kennel world will hear of the death of Mr. Horne after a brief illness. Mr. Horne was always unfailingly courteous and helpful however foolish and abstruse the question one asked him. He will be much missed by us all when business takes us to 84, Piccadilly.

\* \* \*

A meeting of the Executive was held on November 10, Lady Kathleen Pilkington presiding, preceded by a meeting of the Show Committee, Lady Howe, chairman, presiding. The final arrangements were made for the Members' Show on December 4, also business in connection with our Open Show was discussed.

\* \* \*

The mastiff is the one truly *English* (not Scottish or Welsh) large dog. It has been known in this country since the days of the Romans, or rather the Ancient Britons, and the type has varied very little to judge from old tapestries. At one time this breed was afflicted by the plague which attacked all large breeds, of nothing really mattering except the head, which was developed at the expense of activity and soundness. But this, mercifully, does not accord with modern ideas, and no breed, large or small, can hope to prosper unless it is reasonably active. The present-day mastiff is a marvellously active dog for his size while still retaining his magnificent head and is prospering accordingly, the number of his admirers increases daily, and no wonder, as he is a splendid animal. In addition to his appearance he is of an attractive nature, dignified and friendly, but at the same time a first-rate guard though not savage. Miss Bell is one of our most enthusiastic mastiff breeders and has done remarkably well. She sends a picture of her young dog, Uther Penarvon, the challenge certificate winner at the K.C. Show. He won five firsts, and it was his first time out! Miss Bell also bred the winner of the bitch certificate. She has some good pups for sale at present from this successful strain.



UTHER PENARVON  
The property of Miss Bell



MISS LANE AND HER WINNING POODLES

Miss Fry is a comparatively newcomer in Cairns, but she was determined to start with the best, so invested in the well-known dog, Silver Spur of the West. Spur

has had a successful show career, winning a certificate and a reserve certificate, and is a fine, rugged dog. He is a very successful sire. The photograph shows him and his winning son, Silver Seaway. Seaway has won well under first-class judges. Miss Fry usually has puppies, both Cairns and French bulldogs for sale. Miss Fry also runs a boarding kennel, it is situated in an ideal spot on the edge of open moorland in the New Forest, the kennels are most up-to-date and hygienic, and dogs should certainly do well there.

\* \* \*

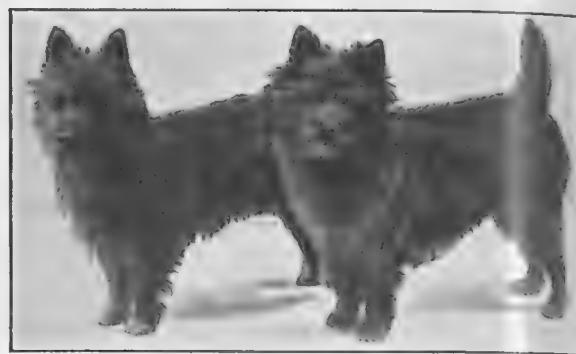
Miss Lane has done extremely well with her poodles lately. She sends a picture of herself and two winners, including Christopher Robbin. Christopher is of a most inquiring disposition, which can be well seen in the photograph. Miss Lane has some miniature white poodles for sale, also some sons and daughters of Christopher. In addition she wishes to sell a Scottie bitch, over distemper and house-trained.

\* \* \*

One of the mysteries connected with fashion is why one does not see more miniature black-and-tan terriers about. These little dogs are most intelligent and sporting, and their smooth coats give no trouble. Mrs. Keevil has a very nice small bitch for sale, a year old and a winner of firsts. Price most moderate.

\* \* \*

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nutheoks, Cadman, Southampton.



SILVER SPUR OF THE WEST AND HIS SON  
The property of Miss Fry

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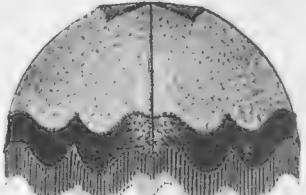
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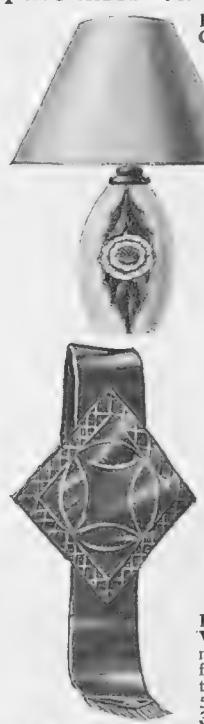
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## Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask your sympathy for two dear old sisters who live together in a tiny country cottage. Aged seventy-two and sixty-eight, they are both frail in health, the result of many years of hard work, and Miss Jane, the elder, has bad varicose veins.



SKIS: HE'S AND SHE'S AT DIABLERETS

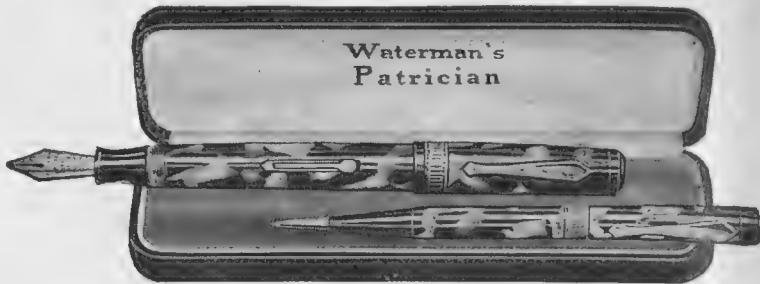
The first real snow is now well and truly down in Switzerland, and this snap of the Christmas cake-like landscape at Diablerets, near Montreux, gives a picture which will rejoice the heart of the winter-sporter.

difference to their lives, but now alas! their account is overdrawn, and they stand in danger of losing this help. We plead for fresh subscribers, and a promise of a shilling or so weekly would be a godsend. Please help.

The Persian Ball, which is in aid of Queen Charlotte's Rebuilding Fund, takes place on December 18 at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, under the patronage of Fatholloh Khan Noury Esfandiary (Persian Chargé d'Affaires), and Sir Arnold Wilson, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., C.M.G., D.S.O., who is the chairman of the International Exhibition of Persian Art. At 11.45 there will be the Persian Pageant and Living Poem, "The Loves of Princess Shirin and Prince Khosru," with Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, Mrs. Oswald Birley, Miss S. M. Buchanan,

Lady Burney, Lady Moira Combe, [Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, Miss Gladys Cooper, the Hon. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, Mrs. E. H. Keeling, Lady Lever, Mrs. Arthur McGrath, and Mrs. Redmond McGrath appearing. Tickets for either dinner or supper are two guineas each, and for both dinner and supper, three guineas each. Applications, accompanied by a remittance (cheques made payable to Queen Charlotte's) and stating if for dinner or supper, or both to the Ball Secretaries, W. Seymour Leslie and Digby C. H. d'Avigdor, 5, Cosway Street, N.W.1.

With a view of helping their patrons to choose their Christmas presents Messrs. Rothmans, Ltd., of 3, Pall Mall, S.W.1, have just produced an artistic catalogue. Indeed it will come as an inspiration. For as you turn the pages you will light on new ideas, attractive suggestions, gifts by the score for friends who smoke—and friends who don't—and charming presents for ladies. Readers of THE TATLER can obtain a copy of this catalogue post free on application.



WATERMAN'S PATRICIAN PEN

In this mechanical age, when there is a tendency to produce everything on mass production lines, it is a welcome relief to find that there is such a thing as a hand-crafted pen. Its sponsors are the Waterman Company, famous the world over for the pen bearing their name. The new model is aptly named, "The Patrician." Certainly nothing so distinctive in fountain pens has ever been seen before. As one picks up these Patrician creations it would seem that each is lovelier and more colourful than the last. The rich turquoise, the glowing emerald, the choice veining of the onyx, the gleaming jet, the pearly lustre of the nacre—it is difficult to decide which should have the preference. Waterman's Patrician pen, with pencil to match, in attractively coloured case, will solve many of our gift problems. The pen itself sells at 42s., the pencil at 21s., the set at 63s. Readers of THE TATLER can obtain a copy of "The Pen Book" by writing to Messrs. L. G. Sloan, Ltd., The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.



## Lady Maud Warrender sees a woman's dearest wish fulfilled

MY attention has been drawn to the serious aspect of the loss of youth and of beauty to men and women who depend upon their looks for their wage earning. Sagging skin and wrinkles come to everyone, and to thousands may mean tragedy, the tragedy of losing their job. In the case of actresses, especially in film work, the marks of age are fatal.

Most women who attempt to remove such marks of age from their faces sooner or later realise how impossible the task is.

I am, therefore, glad to find that the mental suffering of those women who have tried in vain to eradicate the wrinkles and signs of old age is totally unnecessary. They can regain their lost looks. I have just investigated the latest scientific method of rejuvenating the face by painless and scarless cosmetic surgery at the Hystogen Institute, 40, Baker Street,

London, W.1, and I am completely astonished at the results. I interviewed the specialist with the wonder-working hands and he introduced to me cases actually under treatment, and also others he had treated some considerable time ago.

I found that deep-seated furrows between the eyes, crow's feet under the eyes, wrinkles on the forehead, lines from nose to mouth and loose skin on the neck had all been banished and the soft, rounded contours of youth restored. What surprised me equally was that the effect is permanent. Once this glorious appearance of youth has been recaptured it remains.

*Lady Warrender*

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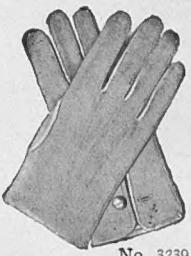
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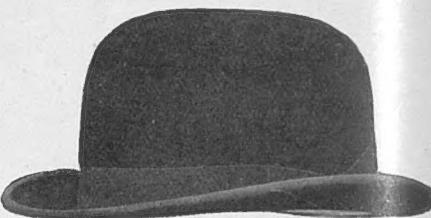
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